

# THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM



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Chairman: J. M. KEYNES.

Editor: HAROLD WRIGHT.

Literary Editor: EDMUND BLUNDEN

Telephone: Business Manager: Holborn 9928.

Editorial: Holborn 4424.

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Tory opponents of the Naval Treaty have not been happy in their tactics, and the official Conservative motion for the appointment of a Select Committee of inquiry proved a remarkably damp squib. Mr. Baldwin made the speech of a leader who is carrying out, without any enthusiasm, the orders of his followers. His attitude was that they were all in favour of the principle of the Treaty, but that there was a certain nervousness about the figures, and that examination by a Select Committee was the only way to avert a "naval scare" in the future. "Such scares," he said, "were very easily worked up in certain circles," and it is not surprising that this tacit avowal of his inability to keep Tory propaganda within decent bounds was received with Ministerial cheers. His whole speech was that of a man who does not like his brief, and he did not even attempt to deal with the big constitutional issues raised by a motion proposing so revolutionary a precedent in Parliamentary procedure. He preferred to pat his party on the back for abstaining from factious opposition during the course of the negotiations, and to boast of the "great sacrifices" he had made in refusing to give interviews to journalists while the Conference was sitting.

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This ineffective opening of the debate was not made good by anything that followed on the Tory side. Mr. Churchill, reckless and vituperative, as usual, afforded a little comic relief by stating that "Never since the reign of Charles II. had this country been so

defenceless," which drew from Mr. Alexander the prompt retort that it was not the Labour Government who were responsible for the present strength of the Navy. Mr. MacDonald, who immediately followed Mr. Baldwin, had very little to reply to; but seized the opportunity to give an excellent statement of the principles underlying the Treaty, and the relation of the Treaty itself to the disarmament problem as a whole. Mr. Lambert, the principal speaker for the Liberals, dealt faithfully with the constitutional issues; but perhaps the most striking contribution to the debate came from a Conservative, Major Hills, who said bluntly that the motion would be considered by the country as a condemnation of the Treaty, and that he could take no share of the responsibility; for if the Government were defeated there would be no Treaty; and if there were no treaty there would inevitably be a new race in armaments. No other Tory speaker showed the courage of Major Hills, but the defeat of the motion by 282 votes to 201 was probably very welcome to many of the minority.

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It is now evident that the situation on the North-West Frontier of India has changed for the worse. A group of tribesmen, headed by one Badshah Gul, whose strongholds lie to the north of Peshawar, has risen and raided a patrol of Frontier Constabulary. A combined force of infantry and artillery, assisted by the R.A.F., bombarded the tribesmen's position in reply, and it may be hoped that the lesson will suffice. There is, at any rate, no reason to suppose that Badshah Gul and his followers are strong enough to attack Peshawar

without assistance from a large number of tribes, and there are still no signs of a concerted movement. Elsewhere the news is of continued rioting in the neighbourhood of Bombay. The tide of violence is not yet ebbing; nor is it yet possible to estimate the effective strength of those sections of Indian society who intend to co-operate with the Government by attending the Round Table Conference. The campaign against land taxes and rents is now well started, and this new incitement to disruption has led to the issue of a very severe Viceregal Ordinance.

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By this new Ordinance, any person who incites another to withhold land revenue or tax, or any payment due to the local authority, is guilty of a non-bailable offence, punishable with six months' imprisonment. Literature or pictures inciting to the offence are seizable. A second Ordinance deals, equally drastically, with the question of picketing and boycotting Government goods and public servants. This was obviously necessary, as no picketing can be peaceful in the prevailing state of excitement. The Viceroy's notes, explaining the necessity and purpose of these Ordinances, are worded in judicious and conciliatory language. The Viceroy undertakes that the local Governments will not use the powers conferred upon them to modify their land revenue policy, and that all beneficial suspensions and remissions of dues will continue to be granted. He explains, in the note on the second Ordinance, that it would not have been issued at all if the attempted boycott of foreign goods had been a genuinely patriotic movement in support of Indian wares, or if the picketing of liquor shops had been a disinterested temperance campaign. The position is still that of a struggle against endemic disorder, and until the struggle is over, emergency measures will remain necessary.

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Lord Irwin is clearly doing his utmost to confine repressive measures to the minimum required for the preservation of life and property, and to combine them with every possible encouragement to the movement towards co-operation. This is the plain path of wisdom. Nothing could be more wrong, or more foolish, than to encourage the Indian extremists by any sign that the Government of India, or the Government of Great Britain, could be stampeded into a policy of permanent reaction. Yet Lord Rothermere has thought fit to choose the present moment for a manifesto in the *DAILY MAIL*, demanding that we should abandon the policy of constitutional development, and "get back to the well-tried system which existed before the War." He has been well answered by the Marquis of Zetland, who, as Lord Ronaldshay, made his mark as Governor of Bengal. Speaking at the Calcutta Dinner, on June 3rd, Lord Zetland said that Lord Rothermere had evidently "not the smallest conception of what was or what was not practicable in India to-day"; if we wanted to wash out the Act of 1919, we must "burn the report of the Simon Commission before it was issued, double, or treble, or quadruple our army of occupation, and govern India under martial law for an indefinite period," and even then we could only put back the clock for a time. He added that to do so "would be to display ourselves to the world as a people bankrupt in statesmanship and altogether unworthy of the high task Providence has laid upon us." These are words that the Viceroy's critics will do well to ponder.

The Bill to raise the School Age has passed its second reading in the House of Commons, and has been referred to a Committee of the whole House. The voting on the Second Reading was on strictly Party lines, the Conservatives, led by Lord Eustace Percy, opposing the Bill because in their opinion the time is not now ripe to raise the School Age. This voting, however, does not reveal the many undercurrents of feeling now at work in the House. Acceptance of the present Bill differs fundamentally from acceptance of the simple one-clause Bill previously introduced by Sir Charles Trevelyan. The present Bill is more than a Bill to raise the School Age and to make provision for maintenance allowances. It is also a Bill to enforce legally the so-called Trevelyan Agreement, and has, therefore, two additional aims in its title: "to empower local authorities to make arrangements with regard to Non-Provided Elementary Schools, and to facilitate the withdrawal from school of children for religious observance and instruction." It should be borne in mind that the introduction of these two additional aims may involve Sir Charles Trevelyan in further concessions to sectional interests if he is to secure the passage of the remainder of the Bill.

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It is clear that there are at least four points of view on the Trevelyan Agreement clauses to be considered. This Agreement is acceptable to the Anglicans and to most of the Conservatives in its present form. Their position is quite clear. It is not so acceptable to the Nonconformists, who resent any departure from the Balfour Agreement and are opposed to religious tests for teachers. The Nonconformists would also like to see the final appointment of all teachers out of the hands of the denominational Churches and in the hands of the educational authorities. While they are anxious, first of all, to ensure that the Bill to raise the School Age is carried, they are also restive at the concessions and would like to curtail some of the privileges granted to the Catholics and Anglicans by the compromise. On the other hand both the Roman Catholics and the teachers have reserved the right to vote against the Third Reading of the Bill, unless certain concessions are made to them. The teachers are less agitated than the Roman Catholics, and seem to be unanimous in their enthusiasm for raising the School Age. They are concerned that there is no conscience clause in regard to teachers, and they resent the proposals because they are phrased in such a way as to give managers the right to inquire "even into the shades of religious faith." They also object to Clause 3 of the Bill because it imposes upon teachers the duty and responsibility of seeing that children get religious instruction by complying with the arrangements which have been made for religious denominational teaching. The most real prospect of sectional conflict arises from the aggressive attitude of the Roman Catholics. Their spokesman, Mr. Scurr, said that they were prepared to vote against the Third Reading of the Bill. How far this is Parliamentary bluff, no one can tell.

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On Monday the readers of the *DAILY NEWS* and those of the *DAILY CHRONICLE* received a joint shock, for the two papers appeared on the breakfast table as one. It is a clear case of rationalization. In many ways it is better to have one first-rate and flourishing Liberal morning paper in London than to have two which are struggling and not absolutely first-rate. Unfortunately, the effect of newspaper rationalization is certainly to cause unemployment—whatever the ultimate truth may be about the same process in other



industries—and the tragedy of the narrowing field for London journalists, especially those of literary attainments, is a very real one. The vigorous continuation of the DAILY NEWS in the combined production is evident. It is to be hoped that the spirit which in recent months has animated the DAILY CHRONICLE—reminding us, indeed, that this was the journal formerly edited by H. W. Massingham—may also survive as characteristically as is possible within an amalgamation of newspapers.

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The Birthday Honours List is of unusual interest. There are three new peers: Mr. Buxton, the Minister of Agriculture; Mr. Furniss, the blind Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford; and Sir Esmé Howard, lately Ambassador in Washington. The Order of Merit is conferred on Dr. Samuel Alexander, the philosopher; Dr. M. R. James, and Professor G. M. Trevelyan. The recognition of the last-named will especially interest our readers in view of the discussion which he opened in last week's NATION on "Land Taxation and Rural Amenities." We also note with great pleasure that the many public services of Mr. W. T. Layton have been recognized by the award of a knighthood. Mr. Layton is, of course, the Editor of THE ECONOMIST, and, among an immense number of other activities, he is also a Director of THE NATION.

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About a fortnight ago the Manchester Chamber of Commerce balloted its 4,000 members on national fiscal policy. The questionnaire was couched in a peculiar manner. Members were asked to vote for or against six alternatives, viz., "In favour of the policy generally known as Free Trade"; "In favour of a settled policy of imposing protective duties in the manner generally known as Safeguarding"; or for or against a general protective tariff on all imports including raw materials and foodstuffs; or excluding raw materials or foodstuffs or both. 2,305 valid ballot papers were filled up representing 58 per cent. of the members of the Chamber; 607 of these favoured Free Trade; 986 favoured Safeguarding; while the balance were distributed between the other four protectionist alternatives. Undoubtedly Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Rothermere and Mr. Baldwin, *e tutti quanti*, who are trying to push protection on the country will hail these figures as conclusive evidence of the popularity of their policy. Nevertheless, we think it would be a mistake to draw this conclusion from the ballot or indeed to take the result with the tragic seriousness manifested in some quarters. After all, as the North country proverb has it, it is the empty wagon that makes the biggest clatter.

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M. Tardieu's speech at Dijon, outlining the political situation and the programme of the Government, showed that he feels sure of his position and of his majority. There was no attempt to plead with the Socialist Radicals; his words were more in the nature of an ultimatum. He considered that the "concentration républicaine" of which so much had been said and written was already achieved; all that remained was for the Socialist Radicals to decide for themselves whether they would widen the existing coalition by throwing in their weight with the Government or not. M. Tardieu let it be understood that whatever they decided, his policy would remain the same; he had carried out his intentions without their help and would continue without it if they refused their support. The comments of the Socialist Radicals make it clear that M. Tardieu's uncompromising attitude towards them has annoyed them, and has strengthened their deter-

mination to fight the Government tooth and nail. But they are in a weak position; the attitude adopted by the Socialists has forced them to abandon any idea of alliance in that quarter, and their policy coincides on too many points with that of M. Tardieu to make a general attack on the Government anything but an attack on their own principles. There seems therefore little probability of any crisis before the Chamber breaks up on July 14th.

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The tenth anniversary of the signature of the Treaty of Trianon fell on Wednesday of this week, and was made the occasion of great demonstrations all over Hungary against the provisions of the Treaty, by which Hungary lost nearly seven-tenths of her former territory. A noteworthy and encouraging feature of this protest is that the resolutions passed by all municipalities, counties and towns are being sent to the Secretary-General of the League of Nations. That is the proper quarter in which to seek redress of national grievances.

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It is still impossible to estimate accurately the strength of the rival forces which will assemble in the Spanish Cortes during the autumn. General Berenguer has endeavoured loyally to withdraw all coercive decrees and measures, in order that elections shall be held normally, in a normally governed country. From time to time, however, disorder has occurred, and the process of abolishing the dictatorship has been suspended. The difficulty of making any forecast is emphasized by the result of the King's visit to Catalonia. If there is any strength behind the recent demonstrations against the monarchy, Catalonia should be the worst possible place for the King to visit. Yet, according to quite sober and impartial reports, the Royal tour was a great success. For some unaccountable reason, the Catalan magnates disapprove of the recent Republican demonstrations, while remaining Republican themselves. It would appear that they dislike the Castilian anti-monarchists more than they dislike the monarchy. These strange cross-currents of sentiment and passion ensure a lively session when the Cortes meet, but make it quite impossible to predict the results.

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By the death of Mr. Herbert Croly, editor of the NEW REPUBLIC, American weekly journalism loses a very unusual representative, and one who had established a connection with THE NATION which this journal valued. He came of a New York family, his father being a journalist and his mother one of the chief founders of the national movement of women's clubs. Mr. Croly studied philosophy at Harvard, and wrote the Life of Mark Hanna, the famous Republican boss of Ohio. In 1914 he headed the remarkable band of young writers who created the NEW REPUBLIC, making it the most original of American weeklies and the parent of many journalistic ventures. His chief colleagues were Mr. Walter Lippmann and Mr. Francis Hackett, both names well known to readers of THE NATION. Mr. Croly took a wholly independent line throughout the years of the war and the treaties, and his paper bore unflinching witness for intellectual freedom during the spell of post-war hysteria from which America suffered after the collapse of Woodrow Wilson. He suffered a paralytic stroke in the autumn of 1928, and for eighteen months fought a losing battle for life with remarkable tenacity. He was sixty-one years of age. He had a large circle of English friends, who held in the highest regard his fine qualities of character and mind and the justness of his attitude towards England.

## SIR OSWALD'S INDICTMENT

**I**MMEDIATELY after Whitsuntide, everybody will be discussing India's future in the light of the first part of the Simon Report which is to be published on Tuesday, and even unemployment and the plight of British industry may be pushed temporarily into the background. This week, however, the outstanding topic is still the remarkable debate which took place in the House of Commons on May 28th.

The resignation of a junior Minister is not usually an event of any great importance, and if Sir Oswald Mosley had merely resigned, the Government might have gone on its way without any accession of energy or change of policy. There were wiseacres who shook their heads a fortnight ago and said that Sir Oswald had made a fatal mistake in tactics, that he ought to have waited until unemployment had reached the two million mark, and that the Government would be strengthened by his withdrawal. It is hardly necessary now to point out that it would have been a neglect of public duty to cling to office if he was convinced that the necessary steps were not being taken, for his critics completely changed their tone after Sir Oswald's able speech last week. That speech has not only added greatly to his reputation, but seems likely to produce far-reaching consequences.

As a first sign of this, we have the Prime Minister's announcement that Mr. Thomas is to be Dominions Secretary, while Lord Passfield will continue to look after the Colonies. Then, the most reliable political gossips tell us that other important changes are about to be made in the Ministry. Mr. Noel Buxton, having accepted a well-earned peerage, is expected to resign from the Ministry of Agriculture and to be succeeded by Dr. Addison, while Mr. E. F. Wise is nominated for the Parliamentary Secretaryship. Mr. Vernon Hartshorn (having completed his share in the Simon Report) is likely to become Lord Privy Seal, and Mr. Ben Turner has tendered his resignation as Minister of Mines. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself is to preside over a Cabinet Committee on unemployment. A reshuffle of this kind may mean much or little. We base our conjecture that it will mean a good deal upon the circumstances in which it occurs, the obvious discomfort of the Prime Minister in last week's debate, and the power of Sir Oswald Mosley's indictment of the Government's unemployment policy.

We do not, of course, agree with everything that Sir Oswald said, but we have seldom read a more lucid, cogent, or sustained argument, and the effect upon his late colleagues must have been devastating, because even his weakest proposals (such as the emergency retirement pensions) were borrowed from their own election programme.

His first point was that no effective machine for dealing with unemployment exists at present. The machine he proposed was "a central organization armed with an adequate research and economic advisory department on the one hand, linked to an executive machine composed of some twelve higher officials on the other, operating under the direct control of the Prime Minister and the head of the Civil Service himself, and driving out from that central organization the energy

and initiative of the Government through every Department which had to deal with the problem." Sir Oswald was told that to create such an organization would mean a revolution in the machinery of government. To that he replies, modestly,

"The machinery which I suggested may be right or may be wrong—after a very short administrative experience, it was probably wrong—but this I do suggest, that to grapple with this problem it is necessary to have a revolution in the machinery of government."

Our own comment would be different. Some such organization as that sketched by Sir Oswald is so obviously necessary that we had supposed it to be already in existence. What is the Economic Advisory Council and its staff if it does not perform the duties of a "research and economic advisory department"? And how are the various Departments concerned with unemployment co-ordinated except through a Committee of the kind indicated?

With Sir Oswald's general analysis of the problem we are in close agreement, for it pointed to the conclusion, which has been consistently drawn in this journal over a long period, that "the attempt to deal with unemployment by an intensification of the export trade is doomed to failure, and the belief that it can be done is a dangerous delusion which diverts the mind of the country from the problems which should be really considered and the things that really matter."

We must pass over his damaging examination of the Prime Minister's figures, and come to Sir Oswald's own short-period proposals for reducing unemployment. By an expenditure of £10 millions, he claims that he could provide work for at least 700,000 to 800,000 people in a relatively short time. "The emergency retirement pensions plan would," he says, "provide normal employment for some 280,000; the School Bill . . . should result in providing employment for some 150,000, while in constructive works . . . I proposed the employment of some 300,000 per annum."

On his first two proposals we must definitely part company with Sir Oswald. His pensions scheme which consists in giving £1 a week to any man now over sixty and 10s. to his wife strikes us as fantastic and useless. At the best it would only transfer unemployment pay from younger to older men, at the cost of serious industrial dislocation. At the worst (and in the form in which Sir Oswald put it forward) it would, as subsequent speakers showed, cause an immense and legitimate sense of grievance in those who attained the age of sixty a day or two after the appointed day. The School Age Bill is, of course, in a very different category, since it embodies a change which should ultimately prove desirable on educational grounds, but in many trades boys are complementary rather than substitutory for men; and, as an employment measure, it is probably of very little value.

It was the scheme of constructive works which must have commanded the assent of every Liberal and unofficial Labour Member in the House of Commons, for it figured in the election programmes of both Parties, and had obviously been subjected since to detailed examination by Sir Oswald, with expert assistance. The actual dimensions of the Road programme authorized by the present Government per annum re-



main, he told the House, scarcely, if at all, in excess of the programme of the Conservative Government, and much the same is apparently true of other constructive work, with the exception of an increase of £24 millions in the expenditure of the Unemployment Grants Committee. How can we account for this apparent reluctance of a Government whose credit depends upon their handling of the unemployment problem to embark upon reasonable schemes of national development? The answer seems to be, first, that the task requires energy and initiative of a kind which Mr. Thomas does not possess. Take the case of roads. The Ministry of Transport is ready and willing to extend the road programme through the usual channels, but the usual channels run through the cumbrous machinery of local government and are obstructed by many varieties of vested interests. Sir Oswald's way round this difficulty would be to let the State construct the roads and hand them over to the local authorities for subsequent maintenance. It may be that the problem could be temporarily solved in that way, or it may be that over-riding powers are required. In either case, it seems clear that Mr. Thomas was not prepared to take the necessary steps.

The first part of the answer, then, was Mr. Thomas. The second, we fear, is Mr. Snowden. Is the Treasury still pursuing a deflationary policy? In a striking passage Sir Oswald argued that only under deflation could there be substance in "the Treasury view" that employment created in one direction must necessarily cause unemployment in another. Unfortunately Mr. Snowden had no opportunity to reply, but it is important that his attitude should be known. Does he share "the Treasury view" as expounded by Mr. Churchill? Is cheap conversion still considered of more importance than a reduction in the number of men out of work? If that is Mr. Snowden's final judgment, it is clear that no reshuffle of the Government which leaves him at the Treasury will result in a firm handling of the unemployment problem. Yet that is the problem which must inevitably overshadow all others during the coming months. Not even India can long divert attention from its menacing proportions, or excuse the Government for its neglect.

## HOW TO HUMANIZE INDUSTRY

By GEOFFREY MANDER, M.P.

**T**HE Works Councils Bill, which I introduced into the House of Commons, has excited a good deal of interest amongst those engaged in industry all over the country, and some explanation of its provisions may be appreciated. It may be some time before the measure passes into law, but its introduction will enable the problem to be discussed in a concrete form, and the public mind focused on practical co-operation in industry. It is the first legislative attempt in this direction. No question in modern industry is more vital than the human problem. The old theory and practice of despotism on the part of the employer is hopelessly antiquated, and leads nowhere if attempted. The only results worth having are obtained by the principle of partnership in the conduct and proceeds of industry, the willing co-operation of every element in a factory in a joint endeavour to aim at success.

Schemes of the kind dealt with in the Bill are the law of the land in Sweden and Germany, and are, I believe, the inevitable line of advance in this country, moving as we do by evolutionary process, taking what has been proved effective on voluntary lines and making it the common rule.

The actual proposals of the measure are that there should be set up in every factory in the country employing more than fifty persons, a consultative Works Council representing every grade of employee, whether manager, administrative or technical, staff, foremen, or workmen and women. The officials of employers' associations or trade unions can be present in an advisory capacity by agreement, for the Council should be regarded as complementary to the work of trade unionism.

The Ministry of Labour would form a representative Advisory Committee drawn from the General Council of Trade Union Congress; the National Confederation of Employers' Organizations; the Association of Joint Industrial Councils and Interim Reconstruction Committees, to assist in drawing up appropriate regulations for varying conditions in different places and trades. These rules include certain important features such as the formulation, in consultation with the management, of agreed works rules in respect of such items as are set out in the Bill relating to hours of work and overtime; methods of calculating and paying wages; holidays; sick and general leave of absence; apprenticeships; welfare work; profit-sharing and pensions; trading policy and its development; and dismissal.

The fundamental idea is to obtain government by consent in a factory, and to let those who have to obey the rules take part in framing them. In the unlikely event of disagreement the Minister has the power to settle the rules.

A very important feature is that no employee shall be dismissed for any moral or disciplinary offence or on the ground of inefficiency until he has been afforded an opportunity of hearing whatever allegations may be made against him, and of stating his case, before some responsible person or body approved by the Works Council; and that he may on such occasion be accompanied by the shop steward or such other person as may be designated; also, that no employee shall be dismissed on the ground of shortage of work until the situation, in respect of which his dismissal is held to be necessary, has been discussed between the management of the concern or undertaking and the Works Council, or a committee, or some representative body appointed by it.

The ultimate responsibility of management for all these decisions would remain unimpaired, but the management in taking its decisions would do so with a full knowledge of what the employees' views were, and would naturally desire practical conciliation. The right of appeal to a jury of fellow employees would have a powerful effect against unjust dismissal, and would mean that discharges would be taken on fully justified grounds.

Workers will be protected against all forms of victimization.

Further, the management must submit to the Works Council, not less frequently than once a year, a general statement relative to the commercial and financial position of the company; employees are entitled to adequate information as to how the business is progressing.

The Bill gives a comprehensive idea of how a modern factory should be run to be successful; and all the humanizing suggestions in the Bill have been in active operation in my own business for some years past, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

## NANSEN: THE INTERNATIONAL STATESMAN

NANSEN was the first of Norsemen. His name will be written large across the pages of his country's history in years to come. But Nansen was more than a Norwegian. Just because he was a nationalist to the core, he was also a European, a citizen of the world society in which we live. When the true history of our generation has been written—in half a century, shall we say, from now?—the tale will not be told in terms of the tawdry and conflicting interests about which our politicians quarrel, or of the small ambitions and small achievements of which they think. It will be written in terms of great world movements; of the movement from international anarchy to order, from meaningless chaos and division to conscious and intelligent co-operation. It will be written in terms of the growth of those permanent international political institutions through which this new order and co-operation will be evolved. And across the pages of that story also the name of Nansen will be written large.

Indeed, it will be for his public labours in the last ten years of his life, more even than for his legendary adventures, that Nansen will be remembered by the future generations of mankind. What, then, were these public labours? Why should they live, as they will live, in the histories of our time?

Most of us, perhaps, would answer that Nansen was the leader of the "humanitarian activities" of the League of Nations; that as High Commissioner for the League he had helped not thousands, but millions of his fellow-men; that, perhaps, no single human being had ever so astoundingly reduced the sum of suffering in a war-shocked world; and that by bringing action, constructive, kindly, co-operative human action, where all before had been a welter of hatreds and bitterness, of deadlock and confusion, he had touched the very soul of Europe to higher things. And we would say—and rightly—that the memory of such deeds can never die.

When we think of these deeds, we shall do well to remember the stupendous scale of the tasks which his High Commission took in hand. Half-a-million prisoners of war repatriated, after long years of hardship and privation, to homes and families whom they had long ceased to hope that they would see; a million Russian refugees, scattered in every country from China to Peru, helped and protected through the League of Nations in a myriad ways; millions of starving Russian peasants saved by funds collected by the private societies he led from the slow torture of a lingering death; a million and a quarter Greek refugees, torn from their homes in Eastern Thrace and Asia Minor, and resettled in new homes and farmsteads in their motherland of Greece; Armenians settled by tens of thousands in Syria—and if Nansen had had his way, there would have been tens of thousands in Erivan as well; the exchange of Greek and Turkish populations when the war was over—what vast results he actually achieved! Nine years ago my sister was in the Austrian mountains, in a tiny hamlet above Kufstein; she took her rucksack to the village cobbler for repair; he and two of his companions had just arrived from a prison-camp in East Siberia, saved "by the League of Nations" long after their last hope had died away. Two weeks ago I travelled from Cologne to Paris, and listened to a Czech from Prague talking to a German from Berlin; he had been a prisoner in Russia, and had been saved by Nansen from what he and his companions had all believed to be perpetual exile from their homes and friends. There is not a country on the Continent of

Europe where wives and mothers have not wept in gratitude for the work which Nansen did.

And that work was, in its inception, an act of faith and courage as striking as the voyage of the "Fram." In March of 1920 the Council of the League of Nations invited Nansen to repatriate the prisoners of war. They could not tell him how many prisoners there were; they could not give the locations of their camps; they could not say if the Soviet Government of Moscow would agree to help; they could not tell him how he could get the ships and trains required; they could not tell him who would organize the camps, the quarantine and disinfecting stations, the stores, of food and clothing he would need; they could not even tell him where he could raise the funds. What other statesman of established reputation would have risked it on an enterprise like that? But Nansen never even asked if success were certain; his only question was whether it it would be worth while to try. And within a month from the day when he received the invitation he had left for Moscow, to make the Treaty by which the exchange of prisoners would be controlled. As his train steamed out of Oslo he turned his back on peace and quiet, on his friends and family, on holidays in the woods and mountains of his beloved Norway, on carefully nurtured hopes and plans of further explorations, on his pictures and his science and his books. He had become the servant of the League of Nations, and for long years thereafter he knew no rest.

Few men of his age have made so great a sacrifice as this. Why did Nansen make it, seeing all too clearly what it would involve?

There were fellow-creatures, lost in hopeless exile, in direst misery, in constant fear, indeed, of death by cold, disease, and stark starvation; and there were women waiting, desperate, yet still nursing a last faint, pathetic gleam of hope. Could Nansen have resisted an appeal like that? No. He would have gone to Moscow for that alone. For Nansen was the most compassionate of men.

Yet, as his train steamed out of Oslo, it was not only the misery of the prisoners that Nansen had in mind. He had seized already the deep political significance of the affair. If he could succeed, if he could bring back these half a million youngsters to their homes, might it not add something to the power and influence, and even to the character, of the League of Nations? If he could show that these new international institutions could produce a practical result, could accomplish tasks beyond the power of any individual Government to carry through, would not that help to build for them a firm foundation of public confidence and trust? If he could repatriate all these unhappy soldiers, without distinction of nationality or race, would not that make the League of Nations an instrument of reconciliation between the enemy peoples, and help it to begin its task of wiping out the hatreds and the bitterness of the war? Would it not make the League a symbol of hope, of constructive effort, in the eyes of the war-weary peoples of the world? From the first moment Nansen had a statesman's vision of the task he had in hand.

So it was in all he undertook. At the Second Assembly in 1921 he made an appeal for a League of Nations loan to fight the Russian famine—just such a loan as that which saved the Austrian Republic twelve months' later. The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN wrote that his speech was "the finest piece of English prose for many years." Again, he wanted first and most to save the millions who were dying; but again he saw that a League of Nations loan would bring Moscow and the League together, and thus might change the course of later history. Who at this distance of time would deny that he was right? I was with him in



the Greek Foreign Office when, in October, 1922, he first proposed a League of Nations loan for the settlement in Greece of the refugees who had fled from Asia Minor. At that moment every "practical politician" denounced the scheme as wild and foolish; six months later they were saying that it was wrong, that there could be no solution unless the refugees returned to Asia Minor; only Nansen saw, calmly, steadily, and all the time, that only his plan could possibly succeed; only he foresaw that within a generation it would make a new and greater Greece. But before a year was over, the doubters were defeated and his scheme was carried through.

If, then, his "humanitarian" work is seen as Nansen saw it, it has a deeper significance and value than that of simple philanthropy alone. When he got fifty Governments to recognize the "Nansen passport" for Russian refugees, he was doing something to mitigate the fate of that strange, unhappy, post-war human being, the "stateless person"; but he was also building up the machinery, the prestige, and the authority of the League. And in countless ways outside his own peculiar sphere, Nansen laboured to that same end.

It was Nansen, for example, who year by year moved an Assembly Resolution on the Mandates. It was he who defended the Mandates Commission when they were attacked about a certain questionnaire; it was he who supported them in their courageous action after the war in Syria. He, with Lord Cecil, was the protagonist of the Slavery Convention in 1926; it was he who proposed the I.L.O. Convention on Native Labour which will be drawn up this year. When the British Prime Minister in 1924 first invited Germany to join the League, it was Nansen who went from Geneva to see the German Chancellor and urge upon him that Germany must no longer stand aloof; and from that moment the angle of Germany's approach was changed. When the Council was reconstituted by the Assembly in 1926, it was Nansen who stood up for the Assembly's rights of sovereign control—and he got his way. It was Nansen in 1927 who put forward the proposals from which evolved the great instrument of arbitration which we call "The General Act." In countless ways, as First Delegate of Norway, Nansen strove in the Assembly to build up and strengthen the political and constitutional fabric of the League.

But it was at the crises of its fate that Nansen rendered his greatest service to the League. In 1919 he fought vigorously for Norway's adhesion to the League; his successful advocacy influenced greatly the other Scandinavians, and in a measure the neutrals as a whole. Without the neutrals, could we have made the League? In 1926, at the abortive Assembly which discussed the Council seats for Spain and Poland, it was Nansen's support, above all others, which helped Unden to stand firm; and if his advice had been adopted, Brazil might not have left the League. And again at the "Corfu Assembly" in 1923 Nansen saved the League from disaster. Mussolini had occupied Corfu; Poincaré had staggered Geneva by lending him support; Robert Cecil was striving in the Council with desperate courage and with matchless skill and wisdom to save the Covenant without thereby disrupting the fabric of the League. Outside the Council it was Nansen who stood by Cecil; it was he who rallied the forces of the smaller nations, who kept their ranks intact, who canvassed the members of the Council, who encouraged both the delegations and the Press.

But, more than his deeds or actions, it was what Nansen was that mattered. His clear and candid vision of what the world in our war-worn generation really needed; his superb confidence that his Government and his nation

would be behind him when he stood for what was right; his power to make others, by his example, as courageous as himself; his faith in the goodwill and good intentions of plain men everywhere—it was these things that made him a leader among the statesmen of the world. By his leadership he did service to the League of Nations which none can measure. He helped to build its institutions—the institutions which are its flesh and bones. But he did more—he helped more than any man to build its standards, its customs, its traditions, and so to make its soul. When the history of these first crucial years is written, he will stand with Wilson and Robert Cecil among the great creative statesmen of our day.

PHILIP NOEL BAKER.

## PARLIAMENTARY NOTES

AN all-night sitting is rarely an edifying performance; last week's was one of the worst of its kind. In the sixteen hours between 4 p.m. and 8 a.m. we took five clauses of the Finance Bill covering the beer duties, the bookmaker's certificate, and the repeal of the power to impose duties on goods "dumped" at a price below production cost. All were of very minor importance. There was nothing to say about beer which had not been said *ad nauseam* on the Financial Resolutions, and of all the speeches delivered on the subject Sir Ernest Shepperson's alone was tolerable; partly because it was the first, and partly because he displayed such a naive and childlike enjoyment of the peculiarities of his own extraordinary style. On the bookmaker clause one good point and one alone was made—the inconsistency of the Chancellor in shrinking from the accursed thing in this matter while in regard to beer he was not only up to his neck in it, but had voluntarily increased the depth of the bath. A hit undoubtedly, but there was no reason why it should be repeated by a whole string of speakers, each with a fatuous air of personal proprietorship.

By these means the Opposition secured that the Safeguarding clause, which they professed to regard as vital, should not be reached till well after midnight. As a matter of fact they had completely misunderstood this clause and were surprised to learn from Mr. Graham that the power which it was proposed to abandon had never been put into force by any Government since its inception in 1921. That did not prevent them from arguing for two hours against cutting this piece of dead wood out of the Statute Book.

Winston was as usual the life and soul of the attack, and on one occasion rendered notable service by assisting the Deputy Chairman to restore order when a thoroughly unpleasant scene was developing. For the rest his constant personal baiting of the Chancellor was hardly worthy of him. Mr. Snowden's courage and mental alertness are inexhaustible, but his physical strength is not so, and it is hard to see that any national or party end is served by subjecting it to a prolonged and needless strain.

The victim's patience broke down definitely at about 4.30 a.m., but this result was probably due not so much to the gibes of Mr. Churchill as to the mass of clotted nonsense that poured from the Tory back benches. And in the end the triumph lay with Philip. True, he only got five clauses instead of six as he had hoped; but at 7.45 he had the ineffable satisfaction of saying, with the first smile of the morning, "As the Rt. Hon. Gentleman the Member for Epping has been unable to stay the course, it would be

unfortunate to continue the debate without him." Heaven may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

One who did not stay the course very remarkably was the second Father of the House. At about 6.30 a stately figure wrapped in a black cloak and with the erect carriage and firm step of a man in his prime could be observed on the terrace. It looked like the Count of Monte Cristo, but was in fact Sir Austen, enjoying a rare interval of relaxation from the debate.

On the Privy Seal Office vote circumstances made Sir Oswald Mosley the protagonist and gave him an opportunity which he seized with both hands. Though he spoke for an hour and a half he never lost the attention of the Committee for a moment, and his speech, though quite free from rhetoric of any kind, produced an impression not merely of knowledge and grip, but also of genuine eloquence. His proposals included something for everyone: pensions for the Clyde, work schemes for the Liberals, and just a touch of Protection for the Tories.

Mr. Baldwin had previously moved to reduce the Vote; but he was prevented from being the real leader of the attack by the fact that (safeguarding apart) he obviously agreed with Mr. Thomas in his resistance to demands for more vigorous action. Mr. Lloyd George was in a far happier position, and took full advantage of the opportunity to summon the Government back to the Yellow Book and, for the matter of that, to "Labour and the Nation," while he demolished any lingering relic of the "Office without Power" excuse by a formal offer of Liberal co-operation.

Of the Prime Minister's speech the kindest thing that can be said is that he was obviously bringing to the matter a mind of virgin freshness. All we know at present is that he favours "organization, co-operation, rationalization, and national views." Better perhaps than procrastination and sectional views, but how many "man-years" are there in all this league of "ations"? As for Mr. Thomas the Committee listened to him with general sympathy. One may be dissatisfied with his steering, but it is bad luck that the gale should have risen to hurricane force just as he took over the wheel.

Sir Charles Trevelyan's opening speech on the Education Bill was excellent in plan and substance, but by the manner of its delivery rather spoiled the effect, so that he seemed to be resenting an insult rather than presenting a Bill. There he is in strong contrast with Mr. Graham who, if he had to introduce a bomb into the House, would present it with polite gestures on a silver tray. Lord Eustace Percy, who led the attack for the Official Opposition, obviously found it difficult to fight whole-heartedly. For while he was contending hand to hand with the Minister over the school age he was at the same time shielding him with his body against the arrows of sectarian bitterness. The Concordat is as dear to him as to his opponent, and he must be puzzled as to how he can sink the ship and save the cargo.

After the futilities of the "all-nighter," it is refreshing to record the exceptionally high level of this Educational debate, especially on Friday morning. It is a long time since we have heard a succession of speeches of the quality of those of Mr. Isaac Foot, Mr. Chuter Ede, Lord Eustace Percy, and Sir Robert Newman.

The discussion on the London Conference also reached a high standard after a halting beginning. Mr. Baldwin is not only honest, but transparent, and showed quite clearly that the subject had been raised against his better judgment by confining himself severely to the need for examination

by a Select Committee. The Prime Minister had therefore very little to answer. Subsequently the proceedings increased in interest. Mr. Lambert and Mr. Owen presented the Liberal view with great force, and the Government were admirably served by two of their best back-benchers, Mr. Noel Baker and Mrs. Hamilton. On the other side Winston, with a subject for once after his own heart, gave a real fighting lead with his accustomed brilliance and something more behind. Mr. Alexander's reply was worthy of the occasion and his cause, and established his reputation as one of the few strong men of the present Government. How glad his party were to find something to cheer at last.

ERIMUS.

## PARTY TACTICS

"The best tactics for the Liberal Party will be to forget tactics."—THE NATION, May 31st.

"HELP us turn them out," said the Tories,

"That's the rôle for you.

Think about the Empire and its glories,

For you are patriots too.

Never mind about a trifle like Protection,

Or the Treaty's confirmation or rejection,

For the Socialists have planned an insurrection

And that must be your cue.

You must help us turn them out," said the Tories.

(But the TIMES said, "This won't do.")

"Help us keep them in," said the Tories,

"That's your mission true;

For the solemn fact that no one can ignore is

Elections now won't do.

Unemployment's not a problem to delight us;

And we haven't found a programme to unite us;

And a tax on food will only turn and bite us

If we dare to see it through.

You must help us keep them in," said the Tories.

(And the TIMES, it said so too.)

Quoth THE NATION, "Never mind about the Tories;

That's not the game for you.

Never mind about the Socialistic stories

That did not quite come true.

With a weary country looking for salvation

This is not a time for party calculation;

Treat each question on its merits," said THE NATION,

"As C.-B. used to do.

You had best abandon tactics to the Tories."

(And the nation says so too.)

MACFLECKNOE.

## INDIA'S ASPIRATIONS

By J. KRISHNAMURTI  
(The "New World Teacher")

INNER and outer freedom cannot be separated. Greater than any country is life; and it is only when a country has realized and adjusted itself to the deeper laws of life that it is, or can be, really free. From this point of view, there is no absolutely free country to-day. There are everywhere merely degrees of freedom. But in every case where political freedom exists, there will also be found co-existing with it a certain freedom from the kind of unreal restrictions which curb and confine the spontaneous and creative flow of life. The true enemy of freedom is dead tradition; living at second-hand; the enslavement of the life to-day to the worn-out formulas of a past age. And there is hardly a country in the world upon which the dead hand of tradition lies so heavily as it does on India. This is the true Indian problem. Solve it, and everything else which keeps India back to-day will



melt away like the morning mists. The Law of Life cannot be cheated. The race or country which has not liberated its inner life cannot hope for freedom in the real sense of the word. And even should it get what seems like outer freedom, the fruit when tasted will be found, for all its outer fairness, to be dust and ashes within.

This is a hard lesson and, perhaps, an unwelcome one. But the true hope for India lies in the fact that, being forced by circumstances to learn this lesson in order to gain what she wants, she will emerge from the ordeal all the more fully purified through the severity of the struggle through which she must pass. The Soul of India is a great Soul in chains. Liberate it, and there will arise a giant among nations; for there is no doubt that a regenerated India would, and will, do much for the regeneration of the whole world. We have a splendid spiritual heritage; but it has grown stale and profitless through the lack of the one thing which alone can keep any tradition fresh and profitable; and that is the spirit of real affection and consideration for others.

The most potent survivals from our immemorial past are now—what? Crystallized cruelties and selfishnesses, infant marriage, the heartless restrictions which we place on widows, our treatment of women generally, the whole system of untouchability; what are these but matters in which the dead weight of custom has crushed out of us the ordinary decent feelings which would sweeten and harmonize the life of human beings?

And what is caste itself but a system of organized selfishness—the desire of every man to feel himself different from others, and to be conscious of possessing something which others do not possess? These and many similar things are our heritage to-day; and it is under the weight of this heritage that we are groaning. But—and this is the important point—they are not the whole of our heritage, but only the dead part of it. Buried underneath it is India's true heritage, the living part, the real inheritance from the past. And this is none other than that genius for liberation, if I may call it so, which is at the root of Indian nature. Strip away all accretions from the Soul of India, and you will find, still strong and living, a profound detachment and a profound sense of reality.

It is this deeper Soul of India which has to be revived to-day; and it is this which, if it could be revived and given freedom for self-expression, would effect that miracle of regeneration of which I have spoken. For to such a Spirit nothing is impossible; and, once released, it would carry all before it. Not only would it bring political freedom, as one of its minor and natural results, but it would, in one great act of self-assertion, make India what, I feel, she is destined to be—namely, the spiritual centre and dynamo of the world.

And what is necessary for this awakening? In the first instance, true sincerity and the capacity to look our failings frankly in the face; and in the second instance, the passion of discontent which must arise from such a clear-sighted vision. And after this must come the resolute endeavour, at all costs, to set our house in order, and, whenever necessary, to set present needs above old restrictions. The time for dragging a lengthening chain is over. We must awake to the shame of having sides to our daily life which we cannot exhibit to the coolly appraising eye of the outsider. We must recognize how futile it is to seek to cover these up with words, when the eye of the World-Spirit is all the time calmly regarding them and judging us in their light. In short, we have got to bring our India back into harmony with reality. And only when we have begun to do this, and mean to go on doing it, can her true liberation come.

In all this, there is much that we can learn from other nations. Let us not be too proud to learn. In refinement and cleanliness of physical life, in labour-saving devices, in social freedom, in constructive organization, in honourable co-operation, and in an impersonal sense of duty, there are many lessons which the West can teach us; and in proportion as our efforts at self-perfection are genuine, we shall be ready and glad to learn, and when we have learnt, we, too, can teach. For there are lessons, which a spiritually reawakened India could impart, which are at present outside the horizon of Western thought. More than any other nation we could show mankind the dependence of physical life upon a larger invisible spiritual order. More, too, than any other nation could we show it that happiness lies, not in possessions, but in a harmony between the outer life and the life of the Spirit within.

But, in order to teach, we have first to make good our right to teach; and this we can only do by a wholesale reference of every detail of our national life, not to some set of immemorial injunctions, but to common sense and the right feeling of to-day. This is the first step in the direction of true liberation, which, I feel, is necessary for India.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### LAND TAXATION AND RURAL AMENITIES

SIR,—I have read with interest Professor Trevelyan's communication in the last issue of *THE NATION* raising the important question of the probable effect of a site value tax on Rural Amenities.

There is little doubt that one effect of a site value tax is to tend to force land into the market; for instance, I understand that the adoption of such a tax in Hobart compelled the sale for development purposes of the last large garden in the town. There is clearly a danger of undesirable development both in rural and urban areas from a site value tax unless it is very carefully guarded.

I therefore welcome Professor Trevelyan's suggestion of a discussion of the matter in the columns of *THE NATION*. I am, however, inclined to think that though such a discussion would be useful the question is too big and difficult to be cleared up in this way. Could not the Liberal Party once again perform for the nation its modern rôle of investigator, and publish a report showing the best lines on which a land tax could be imposed?—Yours, &c.,

E. D. SIMON.

June 2nd, 1930.

SIR,—A contribution to the discussion begun by Professor Trevelyan may not be unwelcome, coming from a part of the Scottish Highlands which is visited by many thousands of motorists and other travellers every year. The opinions which follow are partly individual, though it is perhaps worth mentioning that I have twice contested as a Liberal the constituency from which I write.

In one sense all taxation of a really onerous kind adds to the danger against which Professor Trevelyan issues a warning; for no proprietor who finds it hard to meet maintenance costs, which are about double, and taxation at least treble, the amount in pre-war days, can afford to neglect any source of possible revenue. There is thus a strong inducement to grant sites for building which, from the point of view of the lover of nature, would be better left vacant or kept as woodland.

But, while this is true whatever the incidence of the particular tax, some taxes act more directly than others as inducements to speed up the process of urbanizing the countryside. I take it that all Liberals agree in approving of a "tax on actually realized increment, whether in town or country." But the Undeveloped Land Duty has always seemed to me to fall in a different category. It is an inequitable tax, because few things are more difficult to forecast

than the future line of building development; and an official valuer will always tend to take an optimistic view of the probable rate of development in a particular area. Any one of a score of causes may postpone or divert that development; and in this case the proprietor is saddled with a tax on a hypothetical value which he presumably has to pay out of capital.

The truth is that this particular tax is a survival from the time when the control of development in the public interest was not applied, or even understood. It is a short and easy way to bring building land—any building land—into the market; and, like other short cuts it may lead into dangerous places. It pays no attention to the need for preserving open spaces or views of especial beauty; nor does it take into account the fact that it may be in the interest of the community that one man's land be kept as woodland or parkland, that another's be used for a widely spaced housing scheme, and still another's for the semi-industrial development which brings in large ground rents. There is, indeed, no way of avoiding the laborious art of town-planning, or the younger, less elaborate, but not less necessary, art of rural-planning. The imposition of an increment value duty, along with the scheduling of areas to be built on, the fixing of a maximum density, and the remission of burdens (as far as possible) on land scheduled for preservation as open space, seems, as Professor Trevelyan suggests, to be the right line of advance. With this should go the further simplification of procedure for obtaining sites at a reasonable rent for building by local authorities, public utility societies, and others meeting a genuine public need.

As to the derating of improvements and the rating of site values in their place, this is unimpeachable in theory, but there is one practical danger to be kept in view. When a burden has been transferred from property classed "A" to that classed "B," there is always the possibility that a subsequent Chancellor of the Exchequer may leave the additional tax on "B" and reimpose that on "A." Instances of this process are not far to seek, in which the last case of the taxpayer is worse than the first.

The Scottish, like the English, countryside can only be saved by a well-thought-out and vigilant policy, in which the Societies for the Preservation of Rural England and Scotland co-operate with the County Councils; but it is well that a warning should be sounded against the danger that new forms of taxation may make their already difficult task harder still.—Yours, etc.,

G. F. BARBOUR.

Fincastle, Perthshire.

June 2nd, 1930.

SIR,—As one who has for long been closely connected with the movement for Land Values Taxation, I trust you will not exclude me from the category of "Competent Persons" you invite to discuss the question raised by Professor G. M. Trevelyan.

While approving of Land Values Taxation in towns, Professor Trevelyan fears that in the country it may destroy rural amenities by "forcing" people to sell beauty spots for building, and he suggests as a safeguard that taxation of Land Values be accompanied by a scheme of Rural Planning. No one can object to such a scheme, though, for the reasons I shall give, I do not think it will be found so necessary when taxation of Land Values comes in as it is with things as they are.

As things are we hear almost daily of beauty spots endangered by the jerrybuilder, and of the efforts of local authorities to forestall him by acquiring these places for the public in advance of his activities. The trouble now is that in very numerous cases the local authorities are held up by the high prices demanded, for under the present system owners of land which is unused are exempt from rates and taxes, and are thus encouraged to hold out for more than the true economic value of the land. The efforts of the authorities to acquire beauty spots are thus all too often frustrated. Private organizations for preservation of rural amenities are faced with the same obstacle, as witness the Sussex Downs which I am looking on as I write. These Associations issue heartrending appeals to public-spirited

people to rescue this or that beauty spot, and, in the end, if they succeed at all, it is only by the skin of their teeth and at very heavy cost. Under Land Values Taxation this situation would be greatly eased, for land would fall in price owing to the increased supply available all round, and local authorities or private Associations would not be held up as they now are.

It is true, as Professor Trevelyan says, that the coming of the motor has revolutionized things and brought with it a demand for week-end bungalows in spots where they are utterly out of place. But who can stop that? Certainly the present system of rating does not stop it. We cannot have it both ways. Either we maintain the present system which encourages withholding of land in country as in town, and therefore makes it artificially dear; or we change over to Land Values Taxation, which discourages withholding of land, and therefore brings down its price so that beauty spots can more easily be acquired by public-spirited bodies.

As to the jerrybuilder, I think we are far too ready to hold him up to ridicule and abuse. After all, is he not supplying what his customers ask for? The question is: Why do they put up with this shoddy stuff? The answer is that they cannot afford anything better. Their earnings are so low that they cannot afford well-built houses in good-sized gardens. A thorough application of Land Values Taxation would change all this, for land would become cheaper for every purpose, and cheaper land means higher wage.

It may be argued that in the process some beauty spots would disappear. That, with a growing population, may be inevitable under any system, but for one we might lose under Land Values Taxation we would be able to preserve scores which, under the present system, are passing over to the builder.—Yours, &c.,

W. R. LESTER.

Keynes Place, Horsted Keynes, Sussex.

May 31st, 1930.

### THE LORD JUSTICE-CLERK, LORD ALNESS, AND FLOGGING

SIR,—Lord Alness, Lord Justice-Clerk, addressing the Glasgow Magistrates the other day, said that "the penalty of flogging was found essential and sufficient in the past century to stamp out the crime of garrotting." I wrote at once to him pointing out that the outbreak of robbery with violence known as garrotting which alarmed London in 1862 was suppressed under the ordinary law before the Security from Violence Act, which authorized flogging, was passed in July, 1863. The Recorder, Mr. Russell Gurney, at the March Sessions of the Criminal Court, 1863, said:—

"I am very glad to say that there is an absence of those peculiar charges of robbery with violence, of which there was a large number towards the end of last year, and which have been gradually decreasing during the last two or three months."

The late Lord Oxford (then Mr. Asquith) in the House of Commons on March 28th, 1900, said:—

"As to garrotting, that crime had been brought to an end, as a serious danger, before the House, in a fit of panic due to one of its own members having been garrotted, resorted to legislation. Garrotting was put down without resort to the lash, by a fearless, but I agree a severe, administration of the existing criminal law."

Lord Ridley, speaking from the opposite benches, expressed himself in agreement.

I suggested to Lord Alness the desirability of letting the Press know that his statement to the Magistrates was not justified. As he declines to do so, and as coming from such a quarter it is likely to be founded on unless contradicted, I trust you will see your way to insert this letter to prevent as far as possible currency being given to such an erroneous and misleading assertion by others in high places equally ignorant.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. STEVENSON.

Glasgow.

[Sir Daniel Stevenson informs us that the foregoing letter was sent to the Editor of the TIMES on May 27th, but was not inserted.—EDITOR, NATION.]



## THE EDUCATION PROBLEM

SIR,—Mr. Chuter Ede, speaking on behalf of the Education Bill, said that he thought Roman Catholic children should have as good an education as any other child; that is precisely why the Bill should be opposed, and he could not have put better the case for the opposition, because the Roman Catholic system of education is fundamentally wrong, debasing the mind and hypnotizing the intellect, and the State ought not to connive at the propagation of its mischievous errors.

The hold of organized religion upon the public mind has considerably weakened since 1870, and many more people are either secularists and so object altogether to the teaching of religion in provided schools, or are indifferent. The secularists have not been numerous or influential enough to secure the solution they want, but the denominations have been powerful enough to creep and intrude into the fold and dip stealthy hands into the public exchequer to subsidize the teaching of their particular religious formulas. They have traded on the growing interest in education, and have quietly entrenched themselves behind the backs of a public engrossed in watching for the dawn of a new social era. The Act of 1902 allowed denominationalism to get its foot inside the door; the Bill of 1930 invites it inside the house. This insidious advance has been greatly helped by the rapid rise, in quite recent times, of the Anglo-Catholic movement, which has all the doctrinal errors of Roman Catholicism without its organization, historical tradition, or hierarchical authority, though it aims at the same mesmerism influence. The advancing tide of intellectualism has swept the stronger minds either into earnest secularism which is confident enough to deny, or into agnosticism which suspends judgment, or into indifferentism which is too preoccupied to care; intelligent Nonconformity, the motive power in early political and social reform, is declining in numbers and in influence, the most religious minds are often outside organized religion, and the plastic residue has been caught up in a reactionary and mediæval emotionalism and provided recruits for the Roman Catholic and Anglo-Catholic movements. The majority of parents are, for these various reasons, not in any denomination; the size of the majority does not matter, for, even if it were a minority, the principle would be the same, viz., that formulas distinctive of religious denominations should be taught by the denomination concerned at its own time, in its own place, and at its own expense.

Those who agree with the writer will not let themselves be cozened by the appeal for toleration which the enemy cleverly raises and which succeeds so admirably in times of apathy and indifference. We must take care not to abandon principle because we are taunted with prejudice, and we must not consent to have dust thrown in our eyes by any jocular reflection upon the relativity of truth or reference to jesting Pilate. Not a penny of public money should be spent in teaching the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Transubstantiation, the Mass, Reservation, Confession, to mention the most glaring of the early Christian and mediæval superstitions. The holders of these erroneous views must propagate them, if they can, outside school buildings and hours, out of private funds, to a public which wants them. If the public sleeps, the enemy will come and sow tares in the precious field of our children's receptive minds; the Act of 1902 connived at it, the 1930 Bill invites the enemy in and provides the seed. To this condemnation of Roman Catholic and Anglo-Catholic heresy must be added disapproval of some tenets of the broader Anglican Church which professes articles of belief that can be challenged and are tacitly abandoned by advanced thought though the wearing of them as a kind of livery still goes on, much to the disparagement of the Church's honesty. At the same time, the writer would like to pay a warm tribute of respect to the moderation and wisdom of the report published under the direction of the late Archbishop Davidson.

The writer believes and hopes that there is room for religious instruction in the expanding system of our national elementary education, but he believes that it is necessary

to define more carefully what is meant by religious instruction, and to give parents who desire it the right of seeing that their children are exempted from it. He would sum up his position in the two following amendments to the Bill, in the spirit of which he prays that his countrymen will rally to oppose the Bill:

That (from such time as the Bill becomes law) in all schools provided by the State, whether originally provided or not, religious instruction shall be undertaken only by those who feel themselves competent to do so; and that it be illegal to cause any teacher to be in a better or worse position because he does, or does not, give religious instruction.

This religious instruction shall mean the instruction of the pupil, along the lines of an agreed syllabus like the Cambridge syllabus, in such progressive revelation of the knowledge of God as is afforded by the Canonical books of the Bible, always provided that the teacher be free to interpret that revelation according to his conscience.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. ABEL.

June 2nd, 1930.

SIR,—Mr. John Davies cannot be familiar with the writings and the practice of modern educationists if he thinks that the attitude expressed by me has no "practical utility." On the contrary, there is written and experimental evidence of new and effective work in education all over the world, if anyone in authority in England would study it seriously.

In particular, there is a recent report of a Manchester delegation on the development of technical schools abroad where the advantages of a scientific attitude in combining theory and practice, and further, of saving on armaments to spend on schools, are openly admitted.

Here the main obstacle to any kind of progress is the scepticism towards anything new of the type of school managers to be subsidized by the present Bill. I did not object to the Churches controlling schools of their own, but to their claim that all and sundry be compelled to help pay for them. The Anglican and Catholic communions have the richest endowments of any section of opinion; if Christian fellowship exists, why should not our older Universities and Public Schools contribute a share of their inherited wealth to their poorer fellow-Christians' education? There would then be ample for all. And the State could spare some money to be spent as its more modern citizens require.

Mr. Davies asks why the teachers in elementary schools are not already instructing their pupils in wider "moral, social, economic, and political views." The answer is simple, first, that they would lose their posts if they did, and second, that if the children learned to think and to do, they might not reach the high academic standards required of them too young by the scholarship examination for secondary school. If Mr. Davies would consider some of the recent work in modern education, he would find that children under fourteen in the right conditions can learn a great deal about social ethics without reading a book. In fact, learning to read about things as though they had no relation to life is one of the defects of the education I am attacking. Yours, &c.,

DORA RUSSELL.

38, Bernard Street, Russell Square, W.C.

## SPIRITUALISM

SIR,—In last week's NATION Mr. Blunden quotes from Sir John Bland-Sutton's memoirs a story of the dealings of my husband Sir Victor Horsley (after his death) with a spiritualist lady, to whom, so she said, he gave the advice to consult Sir John on a case of suspected spinal disease in which she was deeply interested.

The story fills me with surprise.

I am wondering to myself for what possible reason my husband, with his most uncompromising views on spiritualism and spiritualists, should have chosen a member of that particular body to whom to give a special consultation, and further (without wishing for a moment to detract from the universally acknowledged surgical eminence of Sir John Bland-Sutton) why, if he did so, he should have

apparently totally forgotten the existence of another man, his close personal friend and former pupil, who had frequently helped him in his operations, of whose capabilities as a thinker and a surgeon he had the highest opinion, and to whom, incidentally, the people of this country now owe a very deep debt of gratitude?

It seems very strange. But perhaps the spiritualist lady's imagination ran away with her.—Yours, &c.,

ELDRED HORSLEY.

## THE FASTENING

UNDER the pale glow of downcast acetylene lamps we were putting the catch below. The fish, gutted and freshly washed, lay gleaming silver, olive-green, brown or white according to species or how they lay in their many baskets. Though it was none of our business—I was merely a visitor, and he should have turned in—the skipper and I lowered basket after basket down a little square hatch to a deckhand who bore them to the mate, who iced and stowed the fish away on shelved pounds as carefully as though his job depended on it, which indeed it did.

And all the while the trawler, gently rolling, glided through a calm September night with, somewhere astern on the sea bed, two otter boards, which by straining as kites do in the wind, were spreading the net for more victims.

Suddenly, with an ominous creak, the steel fore wire began to uncoil from the winch drum, at first quite slowly. Fascinated I watched it until, all at once, I found myself standing on the fore deck alone. A shout from aft, a tearing splash of wire released in water, a tinkle in the engine-room, and the winch was rattling merrily in a cloud of steam. I am still wondering how each fisherman found his way to his post.

The winch worked protestingly. The gear would not come to the ship, so the ship must go to the gear. We had fished three fathoms of warp to one of water, as is customary, but with two-thirds hove in, the winch said it would do no more. Down came the skipper from his wheelhouse. To make examination over the side he called for a paraffin flare. But it showed him no more than we on deck had seen too long—two warps taut as bars. He took the winch throttle from the man of two ship worlds, the deckhand-trimmer. With a drawn out wire-squeak another fathom came home, but at the expense of a list to port. He took up a tactical position on deck by the engine-room skylight. . . . "Slow ahead, Jock." . . . As a goat strains at its tether towards a timid child's offering of something better than the bare patch it is nibbling, so the great trawler tugged round the arc of a circle. No result. . . . "Astern, Jock." . . . But the tether was too well pegged. The night, when haddocks swim best for catching, was slipping away, and we were prisoners. Something desperate must be done. The skipper climbed back into his wheelhouse. . . . "Stand clear." . . . None needed a second bidding. A dark face showing up the whitest of teeth was grinning round the end of the galley. "Juss guess some-thin' muss go now." The negro cook had turned out, roused by the unusual pother on deck. "Half ahead," rang the telegraph. What marvellous gear we have. "Full speed." Perhaps it was a minute, perhaps half. Crash! Two jagged wire ends hung limp from bow and quarter, leaving to rot on some forgotten wreck £50 worth of trawl gear with its burden of fish, a free feast for crabs and all comers.

"Stop." . . . As if weary with great labour the ship lay still, a white feather puffing from the exhaust pipe. Without delay rough cheerful hands unstowed the starboard trawl, ran wires round fairleads, hove out the wooden "bobbins," and shackled on the starboard otter boards. As we paid it overboard a shapeless mass of netting and ropes resolved itself into a net.

At 2 a.m. around the familiar triangular table of a trawler we sat down to supper. Cold ham and beef, pickles, bread, omelette, butter, jam, West Indian treacle, coffee—what you will and as much—and there was the

eternal kettle of trawler tea by the fireplace. The nigger cook, always smiling, and in a white canvas apron very slightly soiled, stood back from the base of the triangle. Silently now and again he stepped forward to serve deck-hand or skipper.

Below our feet the propeller beat its steady revolutions of the next haul, and around the table grew discussion of other "fastenings," Lloyd's casualties of bygone years, which rob trawler men of their living.

A few weeks later a couple of incidents brought home to me how near some of us had perhaps been to a greater danger than we realized. In a single week a Grimsby and a Hull trawler on the fishing grounds "came fast"; and in each case a fisherman was killed and another injured.

GEORGE T. ATKINSON.

## ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTING: 1750-1930

ENGLISH landscape painting has had its fallow periods, but there is a sense of logical development about it which is distinguishing and remarkable. It grew early into a sturdy tree, and with the help of constant succour from indigenous roots, and timely lopping, it has grown to noble proportions and still vigorously puts forth branches and leaves. A study of its growth from the beginnings may be made from the most happily inspired collection of pictures with which the London Artists' Association opened their new gallery at 92, New Bond Street.

Two things must strike a visitor to this exhibition; first, how well the old and the new look together, without ousting one another or usurping places of their own on the walls; and secondly, how healthily and productively the influence of Cézanne has bitten into the English tradition. There are many modern English painters who have embraced Cézanne in their outlook, but the tendency has been to graft his influence on to the productive rather than the visual stage of a painting, with the resultant feeling that France often seemed to have indigested with the English sensibility—one could often say: "Put that beside a Constable and it would fall to pieces." But here is John Constable most happily neighboured by Duncan Grant. Both have painted corn stooks in English fields, under particularly English skies; and looking at them it is hard to determine which one would rather have for permanent nourishment. And it was by no means a pot-boiling Constable who painted this picture and Mr. Hindley Smith's "Salisbury"; they are both good examples of him at his best.

It is delightful to trace here the undulating road of the English tradition from Richard Wilson onwards, a road no less absorbing in its side-tracks, such as those explored by Cotman, Cox, and Nasmyth, or in the next century by Conder, Whistler, and J. D. Innes, than in its main course. There are fine examples of Gainsborough and Crome, each redolent of their master's wholly English feeling, but Turner might have been better represented than he is by the single "On the River Brent." His influence was cut short and superseded, but his place in the tradition is important if indefinable.

J. D. Innes worked personally, but in so far as it led away from the general course his was a fruitful digression, and evidence of some of the good seed taking root and fructifying is here in the shape of an early Augustus John.

A branch of the road has certainly reached a crest in Wilson Steer. His two landscapes make a fine impression beside Crome and Gainsborough, and they show one aspect of logical development of matter and manner in point of time, even if the result is not very pregnant for future use.

Richard Sickert's paintings in the Royal Academy have a habit of looking like those of a Naughty Boy among the Moderns. Here, in new company, his "Chagford Churchyard" is among the most delightful, and is quite the naughtiest of all.

The work from Roger Fry's brush repays a close study as handsomely as that from his pen, and is as distinguished



a contribution to the English, as it would be to any, tradition. Vanessa Bell holds her own well in noble company, and Frederick Porter has something more than interesting comment on the English scene to make with "Haystack."

It is good to see Harold Gilman and Spencer Gore not forgotten. They bridged a gap, if not an abyss, and they appear here expectant though half unaware.

For the different angles of vision and opportunities for comparison it provides, as well as for a choice feast in itself, this is an exhibition to be thankful for.

In two rooms downstairs are hung landscapes and flower paintings by all the members of the Association, which usefully expand the evidence of development, and show that there is no slackening of pace or weakening of principles. William Roberts continues his untiring and single-minded course, insinuating into the tradition another aspect of visual truth. The comments of Raymond Coxon and R. V. Pitchforth are always vital, and the sensibilities of Douglas Davidson and Rory O'Mullen extend their scope. Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell have more good things for us here, too; and if anyone says of the English tradition: "It's not dead yet, then?" the answer must assuredly be: "Not by a long chalk!"

JOHN PIPER.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### Royal Tournament, Olympia.

THE thing which most impressed me at the Tournament—as at the Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo in previous years—was the kindness, courtesy, and efficiency of the British Army. After such treatment, it would be churlish to criticize the show adversely. Fortunately the show is excellent, and one carries away an impression of perfect physical training in men and horses. The most beautiful spectacles on Saturday evening were the Musical Drive by "J" Battery, R.H.A., and the Musical Ride by 3rd Carabiniers (P.O.W. Dragoon Guards). The most astounding, the Gymnastic Display by the Army Physical Training Staff, and the Window Ladder and Rope Climbing Display by P. and R.T. School, Portsmouth. The most thrilling, the Tug-of-War between the Royal Marines, Portsmouth, and H.M.S. "Rodney," which was won by the "Rodney" team through the skill and enthusiasm of their officer. The Tournament continues until June 14th, and should not be missed. The Searchlight Tattoo at Aldershot is announced for June 17th to 20th inclusive.

### Unusual Variety, Grafton Theatre.

The draughty little cupboard of a cinema where we once suffered the tedium of "I.N.R.I.," the German religious film, to the dirge-like strains of a harmonium, has undergone a magic transformation. Rebuilt and decorated in the stylish manner of the Continental *avant-garde* studio theatres, it has reopened with a piquant contrast of programme. "The Searcher," a war play, depicting at great length a woman's passionate indictment of the schoolboy order of patriotism with something of the expressionist methods of Ernst Toller, is followed by a series of slighter items, amongst which Lydia Lopokova's sketch of a love-enraptured maiden provided the most entrancing acting of the evening. Miss Edith Sitwell's poetry-reading might perhaps be more effectively stage managed, but the only complaint that the most exacting playgoer could have against this variety side of the programme is that it might have been increased in proportion to the rather harrowing opening. This pioneer venture in intelligent vaudeville needs, its prospectus assures us, two-thirds of its auditorium full every night if it is to continue, and mourners of the death of British drama must postpone their obsequies in the face of this enterprising challenge in the Tottenham Court Road.

### Alexander Moissi, Globe Theatre.

Mr. Cochran and Mr. Maurice Browne have been enterprising to begin their joint foreign season with Mr. Moissi's

company in Tolstoi's posthumous play, "The Living Corpse." The company brings to London a type of concise and careful acting only rarely seen. There may be many who have left the Globe Theatre with an impression that the great acting of Moissi himself is more a legend than an actual fact. Nevertheless, there could have been no one who did not feel that the brilliant precision with which every member of his cast worked to create a clear impression of a difficult play was something new to London. Perhaps it is that Moissi is not the kind of star actor that we expect to visit us as a distinguished guest. Indeed in attempting to appreciate his acting, we should try to forget the legend of his fame. He has a soft, exquisitely mellow voice, and he makes most of his dramatic points by slipping easily into the centre of the stage, almost without detracting enough from the values of other players. Yet he has a curious individual sensibility which is disconcerting and a little extraneous to the parts which he plays. In the final scene when the dissolute, unhappy Fedya shoots himself, the shooting was done with the dexterity of a conjuror producing a revolver from behind a paper bag. It was all so quick and so fine, one scarcely believed it. This is, perhaps, the clue to the chief drawback which an English audience will find in Moissi's rendering of Fedya Protassov. It is so consciously artistic as sometimes to appear slick. It would have been pleasant to have had the space to praise highly the acting of each of the German guests without exception whom Mr. Browne and Mr. Cochran have brought to London this summer.

### "Hamlet," Queen's Theatre.

If the versions used be at all the same (I have not at the time of writing seen Herr Moissi's), this Old Vic "Hamlet" which Mr. Maurice Browne has brought to Shaftesbury Avenue should serve as a handy phrase-book to its German neighbour next door. But it is a great deal more than a mere guide to the words, by reason of its Hamlet and its Polonius. Mr. Brember Wills, indeed, is easily the best Polonius I have seen, splendidly fussy but never giving in to the temptation to clown. Mr. Gielgud has everything in his favour for Hamlet, personality, intelligence, youth—and the greatest of these is youth. Here is a perplexed young man, the moment he comes upon the stage; no time wasted while a middle-aged actor convinces us of his power to play the boy. Verse is spoken as verse, the transition from mood to mood perfectly done, often an original intonation in a famous line, but always rational and intelligent. It is a pity that the support is not better, though it might be a great deal worse. I did not much care for Miss Martita Hunt's Queen, which seemed lacking in dignity, nor did the Ophelia please me, while the first gravedigger hardly raised a laugh. Mr. Harcourt Williams's production is swift, workmanlike, and sensible, without being in any way striking.

### "The Last Chapter," New Theatre.

In the course of some ten years' persistent theatre-going I have always found that when on first nights "the Press and members of the audience" (a critic is never elevated to membership of an audience) are particularly requested, in red type, not to give away the "surprise" in the last act, that surprise is invariably anticipated with ease and accuracy from the word go. After the prologue to "The Last Chapter" I managed to restrain myself from imparting to my less hardened companion the dénouement which seemed inevitable, and it was largely because I was his host that I deemed it necessary to stay after the decidedly dull first act, during which I had increased difficulty in maintaining the silence enjoined upon me by my tacit obedience to the management's request. But I was all wrong, and my wrongness is the best tribute I can pay to the play. To explain exactly how I was led astray, and to show how legitimate were the means employed by the authors, Edith and Edward Ellis, in so doing, would be to divulge what must not be divulged; but I can safely assure the reader that however bored he may be by the stagnancy and lack of drama, in the strictest sense, of Mr. Owen Nares's perambulations among his discarded mistresses in Acts I. and II., it will be well worth his while

to stay for Act III. In a cast of high competence the performance of Mr. Edgar Norfolk conspicuously stands out. Since his best chances do not come till the last act his part is doubtless easier to excel in than the others, but the manner of his excellence is such that one has no hesitation in commending his work, which stamps him as a young actor with an extremely promising future. The way he handles that final scene with Mr. Nares, when he — But a promise is a promise.

**"Moloch," Strand Theatre.**

The authors of this anti-war play, Winifred and John L. Carter, expound their theme by introducing us to a lower-middle-class provincial family, first at the present day, then (in a dream) at the time of the Great War, and finally in the next war. A mother who has lost her eldest son is still living entirely for his memory, but the son's wife, who has been faithful to him for over ten years, at last decides to marry again. The mother, pained, clings to the trappings of her mourning, her son's photograph, his armchair, his old toys, her own black clothes, and while the wedding is going on, relives in a dream the time of his last visit. In the last act, when a new war has been declared, her young son has a safe job in a poison gas factory; she determines that he shall remain there, but he, bullied by his stupid fiancée, at last unwillingly joins up. His mother, rather than let him go out to suffering and a probable ghastly death, kills him. Unfortunately the propagandist intention of the play is only too obvious, and admirable as the moral is, it takes more than a moral to make a play. The characters, with one exception, are photographs of types rather than living beings; they fail to come to life, and their conversation consists for the most part of all the old clichés and platitudes so endlessly uttered on the subject both during and since the war. The exception is the part of a garrulous and absurd old neighbour, which is much more interestingly written and is brilliantly acted by Miss Margaret Yarde. Miss Mary Clare, as the tragic mother, is quiet and dignified, but even her good acting fails to make sympathetic so irritating a character. It is only in the last act, in the scene where she poisons her younger son, that she gets, and takes, her chance of being really dramatic and moving.

**"Liberty Hall," Kingsway Theatre.**

This is a wholly delicious production, and one which arouses many dormant speculations. Where has the drawing-room play of 1930 got to? Can there be a parallel to-day to such a play of forty years ago? Can a comedy by Mr. Coward or Mr. Lonsdale compare with "Liberty Hall" for ingenuity, or for any other merit except contemporary wit? (The most important ingredient of all, perhaps, but not the only necessary one.) And is there not far more capacity for full-blooded experience in the very ingenuousness of a stage character of 1892 than there is in the sophistication of one of 1930? Much of the wit of "Liberty Hall" falls quite flat now, and most of the things we laugh at we were never expected to laugh at by the author; but such a play is enjoyable because it is so much all-of-a-piece—not with the delightful "period" all-of-a-piece-ness of a Hammersmith revival, but with its very own. In the present production there is (wisely) no caricature, and no laughs are forced by artificial contrasts. The cast has been well chosen, and every member of it acts with obvious and infectious enthusiasm. The run is only for four weeks, but it is a production not to be missed.

**"The Blue Coast," by N. F. Webb, at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead.**

The scene of this pleasant entertainment is laid in a villa on the Cote d'Azur where the English talk about the weather more than they do at home. The play proceeds at a leisurely jog-trot to make some familiar points. The supposed emotional gulf between young and old is the theme. The young stepmother, harassed by her husband and his sister who keep house after the style of the Murdstones in "David Copperfield," inevitably falls in love with the young stepson, only to solve or make fresh problems by running away. The dialogue is crisp and witty enough to

make all these things new, and also to bring into relief occasional lapses into silliness. Mr. Hubert Harper as the husband whose standards are those of the Junior Carlton Club, Miss Esme Church as the sister, and Mr. Sebastian Shaw as the schoolboy son are all good. Mr. Baliol Holloway plays with distinction the part of the cynical brother, while Miss Kathleen O'Regan adds to a clever study in temperament her personal charms.

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Things to see and hear in the coming week :—

Saturday, June 7th. —

Opening of Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park Road, 3.30.

"The Magistrate," by Sir Arthur Pinero, at the A.D.C. Theatre, Cambridge.

League of Arts performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

Monday, June 9th.—

Miss Ruth Draper, at the Vaudeville.

B.B.C. Concerts. Sir Hamilton Harty and the Hallé Orchestra, at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool (June 9th-14th).

Tuesday, June 10th.—

M. Georges and Mme. Ludmilla Pitoëff, in French plays, at the Globe Theatre.

Melba Concert in aid of the National Children Adoption Association, Park Lane Hotel, 3.

Orrea Pernel and Kathleen Long, Sonata Recital, Grottrian Hall, 8.30.

"Saint Joan," at the Globe.

"The Command to Love," at Daly's.

Miss Angna Enters, at the Queen's (Matinées, June 10th-12th-13th).

Mr. Bernard Darwin, on "Some Golfing Hints," the Wireless, 7.

Mr. F. W. Hirst, on "Money and Prices," the Wireless, 8.30.

Wednesday, June 11th.—

Madame Yvette Guilbert, at the Arts Theatre.

"The Way to Treat a Woman," by Mr. Walter Hackett, at the Duke of York's.

Farquhar's "The Beaux' Stratagem," at the Royalty.

Thursday, June 12th.—

"Badger's Green," by Mr. R. C. Sherriff, at the Prince of Wales.

Friday, June 13th.—

Miss Margaret Bondfield, M.P., on "Labour and International Affairs," the Wireless, 7.25.

OMICRON.

## TO THE CUCKOO

O WANDERING voice, O twofold shout,  
I know, alas, I'm not the first

To sing about

Those notes of thine so oft rehearsed.

Too many bards have touched my theme,  
And gone about in subtle ways

To skim the cream

Of metaphor and periphrase.

O twofold shout, O wandering voice,  
O echo of a minor third,

I have no choice

To call thee anything but bird.

Yet not for that will I forbear  
To celebrate with verbal chime

Thy twofold air,

Itself the very soul of rhyme,

To greet thee with repeated word,  
Not doubting that thou must rejoice

To hear, O bird,

A twofold shout, a wandering voice.

B. J. PENDLEBURY.



## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## THE GRECIAN URN

NOT much more than twenty years ago I remember the headmaster of a great school addressing the parents of boys about to be admitted. His question to each was simple, but far-reaching: "Classical or Modern?" No doubt, the decision then given could be reversed afterwards; but the division generally established was not to be altered. Either you toiled after Greek, or you did not. The headmaster has departed, and the entrenchments of the classics appear to be falling in; is the "Oxford Book of Greek Verse" a pensive souvenir for those who knew them, or an anticipation of some golden age (at present scarcely tinting the scene) when Greek shall be our usual accomplishment? There is no getting away from the severe examination which this newest "Oxford Book" institutes. It is true that Mr. C. M. Bowra, one of the selectors (the others are Gilbert Murray, Cyril Bailey, E. A. Barber, T. F. Higham), has written in English a preliminary account of Greek poetry, and that there are English titles for the extracts; but the rest of the book is Greek altogether, except for a list of authorities and an index. "Not a funeral note" anywhere.

\* \* \*

Was this Spartan nakedness altogether wise? It is simple enough for your scholar of the old type—the new ones are at liberty to defend themselves—to frolic and batten in these pastures. But "Oxford Books" are regarded as good common land, where the goose and ass may graze with profit and pleasure. Even the "Anthologia Græca" of St. John Thackeray, which we carried before the "Oxford Books" period, allowed us a little liberty in the form of comments, and parallels, and occasional translations. The only thing I can see for it if I wish to take this "Oxford Book" with me to read in the intervals of business is to have a pocket made for Liddell and Scott too.

\* \* \*

However, here is the anthology, "a selection of the best pieces of Greek poetry," not only the lyric and elegiac kinds, but "passages from the epics, tragedies, and other long poems." The order is chronological (so far as it can be); the text is from the best sources, and "in the case of corrupt passages the selectors have not scrupled to emend freely, feeling that a readable text is the first requisite of a book like this." So, there is no deliberate inhumanity in the editorial board. The contents include 109 pages of Homer, 20 of Hesiod, 20 of Homeric Hymns, 40 of Æschylus, a little more of Pindar, of Sophocles 39, of Euripides 69, of Aristophanes 41, of Theocritus 24; Aleman, Alcæus, Sappho, Bacchylides, and the great company of lesser singers are well represented. The poetry opens with the Homeric question and answer ("date unknown"):

Τὶς τ' ἄρ' σφωε Θεῶν ἐριδι ξυνέθηκε μάχεσθαι;  
Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός.

and the last piece, by Cometas ("fl. 950 A.D."), is curiously reverberant of that,

α. Εἰπὲ νομῆν, τίνας εἰσὶ φνῶν στίχες;  
β. Αἱ μὲν ἑλαΐαι,  
Παλλάδος . . .

And here we are arguing our energies away over tradition and experiment!

There cannot be many critics in England competent to challenge the inclusions and exclusions decided upon by the editors of the "Oxford Book of Greek Verse." If they have not assembled into one volume the best of that delightful and radiant poetry, who can? The art of anthologies is limited by the nature of things, like that of wood-engraving or flower-decoration; more than one good-sized volume, and the book becomes a repository. I shall venture to show that this anthology has not affected me in that respect by giving one or two impressions of passages in it:—

*Alcman* (No. 117).

"Asleep; the pinnacles and the precipices of the mountains,  
Headlands, and torrents, and all that walk and creep  
On the shadowy earth that breeds them; the beasts that  
haunt in the mountains,  
The world of bees, the kraken in the blue deep:  
Even the orders of birds of widest wing are asleep."

*Pseudo-Anacreon* (No. 180).

"We bless you, cicada,  
When out of the tree-tops  
Having sipped of the dew  
Like a king you are singing;  
And indeed you are king of  
These meadows around us,  
And the woodland's all yours.  
Man's dear little neighbour,  
And midsummer's envoy,  
The Muses all love you,  
And Apollo himself does—  
He gave you your music.  
Age cannot wither you,  
Tiny philosopher,  
Earth-child, musician;  
The world, flesh and devil  
Accost you so little,  
That you might be a god."

*Anon.* (No. 232).

"Fixing his pinchers on the snake,  
Thus spake  
The crab: 'It's  
Time for you, mate,  
To go straight;  
No more crooked habits.'"

*Simias* (No. 491).

"Softly, ivy, steal upon  
The resting-place of Sophocles;  
There unloose your tresses wan  
As softly as you please;  
And I would have the rose come too,  
And come, glad vine, with harvest due  
To be with him whose powerful sense  
Quired with such eloquence,  
None can tell if his full song  
Would most to Muse or Grace belong."

\* \* \*

While I am on the subject, I may express the hope that some day we shall have an "Oxford Book" of the best translations from Greek poets. Translations are like other arts, "hard, almost impossible" in theory, but in practice they have come to good results in the hands of the destined men. It is probable that the immense series of British poetry-books could yield an honourable version, if it were well gathered together, of almost all the present "Oxford Book."

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

## REVIEWS

## SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS

**The World in 2030 A.D.** By the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD, P.C., G.C.S.I., D.C.L., D.Litt., High Steward of Oxford University, Lord Rector of Aberdeen University. With Illustrations by E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.)

VERY intimidating to the reviewer, this title-page. Yet the only two branches of human knowledge on which Lord Birkenhead can write with authority are, as in his introduction he so rightly says, Law and Politics. Unfortunately, and also, I hope, mistakenly, he considers that these are also the least likely to sustain profound modification during the next hundred years. One begins to wonder why he has chosen to assume the prophet's mantle. Cheap energy, synthetic food, eugenic ectogenetic birth, television, mechanized warfare, the humanitarian case for gas as opposed to explosive weapons, indeed almost every stimulating notion in his book, have already been admirably popularized by Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, with whose works Lord Birkenhead's book presents the most curious coincidences, not only in many of the ideas, but even in the illustrations used to elucidate them.

So much of this review was written when I read Mr. Haldane's review of "The World in 2030," and Lord Birkenhead's announcement that he would reply within a week to the "absurd charges of plagiarism" which this review contained. I waited for ten days, and then the answer came. It made up in rudeness for what it lacked in argument. Indeed, Lord Birkenhead was so angry that he forgot to be consistent. A few weeks ago Mr. Haldane was, in Lord Birkenhead's opinion, "the most brilliant and far-sighted of contemporary scientific philosophers." He has now become a man whose "ingenious contributions to science consist in the use of analogies in popularizing the work done by others."

Lord Birkenhead need not apologize for having read "Dædalus" and "Callinicus": the pity is that he did not read more widely in the "To-day and To-morrow" series. He would have found in it many other ideas to popularize, which would have made his book far more interesting. Almost his only prophecy about religion is the suggestion that by 2030 traditional Christianity may become a menace because an all-black Africa will act upon its principles. He has nothing to say about the future of crime and punishment, of town-planning, of language, or of quantity in population. He has little or nothing to say of the future of the Arts—perhaps because he considers these unimportant.

Indeed, the only subjects on which he seems to write with any interest are wealth, war, and women. He is very amusing about "the distaste with which military men view improvements in their own sphere," and he makes a lively attack on the protected, idle, and conservative women of the upper middle class. On the other hand, he writes, "To the end of history women must remain content with falling just short of the best work done by men," a statement so sweeping that before believing it I should require better reasons than Lord Birkenhead provides. But feminists may be consoled for this prospect by the following paragraph:—

"In 2030 women will still use men as the media by which their greatest triumphs are wrought: they will still be able, by their wit and charms, to direct the activities of the most able men towards heights which they could never otherwise hope to reach."

But it is Lord Birkenhead's extraordinarily old-fashioned attitude to wealth which makes much of his book so negligible. Following the scientists, he prophesies that energy will become so cheap that a sixteen-hour working week will produce enough to satisfy the demands of consumers. At the same time he depicts a man giving up the Bar for Research as a better-paid occupation, and looks forward with alarm to Chinese competition in the markets of the world. Now this, I fancy, is merely muddle-headed. In the world he depicts there can be little inequality of wealth, and there will be no advantage in capturing markets. Where everything is cheap, being produced with so little labour, what

could individual superiority in wealth command? The passionate controversies about the distribution of riches which rack the world at present are already almost out of date. They merely distract human energy from the sovereign necessity of moving a little further into the state of limitless wealth on the brink of which we stand.

An obsolete attitude towards women and wealth is perhaps to be expected in a Conservative politician, but it is indeed surprising to find Lord Birkenhead so little interested in the current tendencies of politics. Fascism and Bolshevism evidently are for him without significance, and he has nothing to say of the ever-increasing part played by the non-party expert in the framing of policy. He is even content to repeat the usual sneers at the political side of the League of Nations, as if unaware of the great importance it has assumed as an instrument of diplomacy. Derivative in its suggestions, and remarkable only for what it omits, Lord Birkenhead's book can still be recommended for one reason. It contains eight decorative illustrations by Mr. McKnight Kauffer.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

## A EUROPEAN SENSATION

**A Cultural History of the Modern Age, from the Black Death to the World War.** Vol. I.—Introduction: Renaissance and Reformation. By EGON FRIEDEL. Translated from the German by CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON. (Knopf. 21s.)

THE publisher of the English translation tells us that "since Spengler's 'The Decline of the West,' no other work has made so great a European sensation as has this book by Egon Friedell." "Sensation" is a word to which the posters of evening papers in London have so accustomed us that it no longer provokes in us the sensation intended. If an orchestra always played *fortissimo* there could be no climax in a finale, and when everything, from Grimmett's ten Yorkshire wickets to the many-volumed histories of learned Germans provide sensations, nothing is sensational. Yet there is a sense in which the word may fairly be applied to the work of Herr Friedell. It belongs to the sensational school of history which, especially in Germany, seems to be taking the place of that laborious, scientific, minutely "factual" school of the nineteenth century which came to be regarded as characteristically German. The scientific historian was more concerned with what he thought were facts than theories, and he only ventured upon a generalization when he saw it appear triumphantly and almost inevitably as the apex of a vast pyramid of facts. Herr Friedell, in his slap-dash, "sensational" introduction, shows us at once that in his opinion the writing of history is a branch of journalism rather than of science. He has the greatest contempt for facts; he apparently holds the now popular view that there are no such things as historical facts. All history, says he, is legend and the only decent historian is a poet. His aim is to "sketch an intellectual and moral picture-page, a spiritual costume-history of the last six centuries," and such a history "can only be compiled out of a vast stock of dilettantish researches, incompetent judgments, and incomplete data." And he thinks to cut the ground from under his critics' feet by informing the reader that the exaggerations, paradoxes, and contradictions which he will find in the book will only prove what an admirable poet and historian Herr Friedell is.

Herr Friedell is, indeed, one of the many modern quacks, no doubt completely and honestly deceived by their own quackery, whose works in history, psychology, religion, metaphysics, aesthetics, or sociology, are continually providing European sensations. The name of Friedell may now be added to the honourable roll which numbers such distinguished names as Spengler, Keyserling, Steiner, and Middleton Murry. The phenomenon of the flocking of the honest quacks is well known in history, and is nearly always the sign of a *fin-de-siècle*. The old beliefs seem to have played men false; the old truths sound hollow; the old ideals have betrayed or been betrayed. Those that look out of the windows are darkened; the doors are shut in the streets; the daughters of music are brought low; the grasshopper is a burden, desire fails, Sparta wins the Peloponnesian War or the Allies win the Great War.



To meet such a situation there are only two courses open to the sensitive soul. He may if he be wise, fearless, a poet, and king in Jerusalem, *circa* 977 B.C., say, "Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities; all is vanity," or in a more modern form:—

"After the torchlight red on sweaty faces  
And the frosty silence in the gardens  
And the agony in stony places  
The shouting and the crying  
Prison and palace and reverberation  
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains  
He who was living is now dead  
We who were living are now dying  
With a little patience."

But very few people have the strength or patience to endure with such "fragments shored against their ruins." The second course always remains, easier and so much more soothing. Reason and facts have betrayed us; well then, let us throw reason and facts to the dogs. After that everything becomes simple. We put ourselves into the hands of Fate or our own intuitions or spiritualism or creative understanding or God, and settle down comfortably in that twilight of misty mysticism where words lose their meaning and we can believe anything.

Herr Friedell trots out once more all the regular clichés and dogmas of this latter-day obscurantism. Intelligence is always "cold" and "barren"; people who use their reason are always "stupid" or "shortsighted"; the "truths" of science are delusions. Any nonsense is good enough for Herr Friedell, so long as it fits in with this anti-rationalism or has a hit at liberalism or science. "All the 'exact' conclusions reached by former times have vanished again, securely as they seemed to be based on clean reasoning and keen observation," he says, and the answer necessary to such a statement is to record it. The only "truths" worth listening to are apparently those which no one can give any reason for believing, but which have flashed into Herr Friedell's mind or that of some other seer or prophet out of the infinite in the same way that the eternal truth that acorns are good to eat flashes into the mind of a pig. On Herr Friedell's authority we must believe in undescribed and unexplained and undefined "invisible higher forces of the universe," and are, of course, "stupid and shortsighted" if we fail to see the invisible. History becomes theology, because "it is a consistent probing for the divine in the world's course." At the time of the Black Death there was "a wondrous concatenation of cosmic happening" which affected not only human beings in Europe and Asia, but the earth, the neighbouring planets, and the whole solar system. And naturally miracles have ceased to happen only because we have become so much stupider.

All through the book Herr Friedell keeps going a chorus of this kind of naïf quackery, but it would be unfair to dismiss it as nonsense. Like that of so many of his fellow-seers and prophets, his work is itself a complete disproof of his doctrines. No man as intelligent and well-informed as Herr Friedell can write 350 pages about the history of Europe between 1348 and 1618 without using his reason and all the technique of historical interpretation of "scientific" historians. Herr Friedell's methods of interpreting cultural history are precisely those which he affects to despise, and when he forgets to be paradoxical or mystical, as he frequently does, he is often both illuminating and entertaining. He is excellent on Luther and the Reformation, on the reasons for the failure of the Papacy, on the Spanish in America. His character sketches are often admirable, for instance that of Philip II., who "is reputed to have laughed only once in his life, and that was when he received the news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew."

Herr Friedell's good qualities make one regret the more all the pretentious paraphernalia of sensationalism with which he thinks it necessary to obscure them. One hopes that in the subsequent volumes his obvious and natural interest in history and in historical truth will completely gain the upper hand, and he will forget altogether to be paradoxical and mystical. But one hopes rather desperately, for, like all his school, whenever he mentions eighteenth-century rationalism or nineteenth-century liberalism, he becomes doubly cosmic and trebly mystic.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## PASSENGERS TO ENGLAND

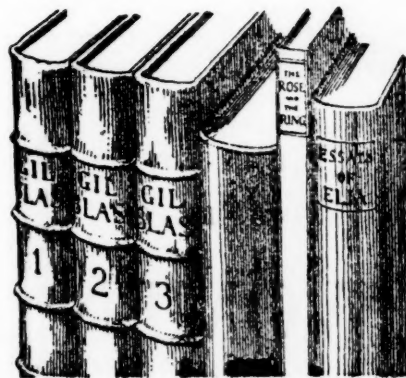
**The Poet's Progress.** By WALTER D'ARCY CRESSWELL. (Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.)

**Men on a Voyage.** By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. (Constable. 5s.)

THE author of "The Poet's Progress" may be called the W. H. Davies, or super-tramp, of a later generation. He is a poet from New Zealand, who has been selling his poems from door to door in England, and now recounts his experiences in the most simple-artful prose.

"There was one of my mother's family in Cardiff in whose memory a statue was raised, and thither we journeyed to see it. I knew what inscription it bore, The Friend of Freedom, and this, and nothing I knew of my great-uncle, drew me there. But the birds, as though they could read, had treated his face with a freedom that bordered on contempt."

Mr. Cresswell is something of a puzzle. He writes prose like a born poet, and obviously behaves like one, but the three sonnets printed at the end of this book have none of Mr. Davies's accomplishment; they seem rather to suggest that we may look forward less to the rise of a poet than to an extension of an engaging travel diary. That we may so look forward is indicated by the words "The End of Part One" printed on the last page. Two of Mr. Cresswell's chief virtues are the freshness of his eye and the liveliness of his fancy. He is impatient with "cities that are shrouds" and "poets that are tombs," and there is some truth in his belief that there is little energy or necessity behind English poetry now, and that all is invention and fancy. There is something healthy, natural, and spontaneous about Mr. Cresswell. He is to be welcomed in a country far too preoccupied with outmoded gentility. Mr. Aldous Huxley has told us of a woman seen eating cherries with a knife and fork in a Lyons' Corner House; Mr. Richard Aldington has been rightly irritated by the sight of his fellow-countrymen consuming black tea and stodgy buns on a boat-train. Any one who appreciates at all the significance of Mr. Huxley's



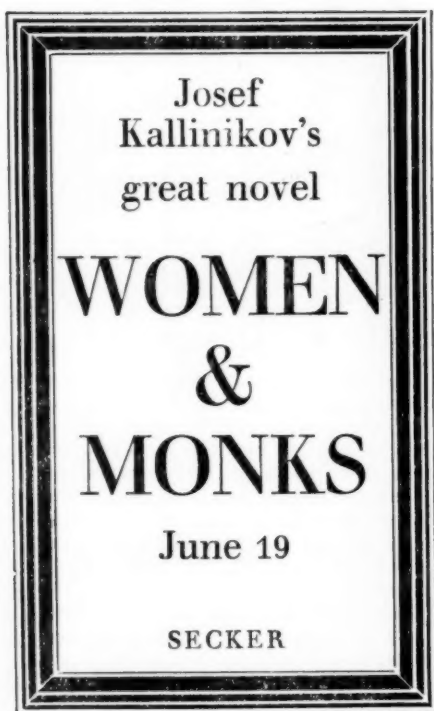
The fourth book is not a book; it is a sham. But it is not a mere sham. It is bound like a book because, although folks are not ashamed to put by a few coins now and then for their children, or themselves, they don't care to let a tin money-box be seen lying about. So this box can go comfortably amongst other books on the shelf; and it will easily slip into a pocket whenever you want it emptied at the Bank. The Westminster Bank does not reserve these as a privilege for its regular customers only; it issues them without formalities at any of its branch counters

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discovery, or shares with Mr. Aldington a sense of horror at what that tea and those buns stand for, will realize that Mr. Cresswell is "in the movement" for building a new Jerusalem. Adventures in the Antipodes, in Soho, in Cologne, in Saragossa; in the General Election of 1922, and later in the General Strike; the sympathy of friends, the patronage of dilettanti, the kindness or harshness of strangers; a natural fastidiousness and a turn for philosophizing; hunger, ambition, independence, and especially a fine curiosity and zest for life—all these things have gone to the making of Mr. Cresswell and his book. He is not a scholar, but a person of character, an original. The present reviewer finds it impossible not to wish him luck, and proposes not only to keep "The Poet's Progress" by him, but to watch for its continuation.

Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin is a South African Jewish authoress who has written nine novels. She has a recognized talent for telling a plain story in a plain way. Simple, sober, and restrained are the favourite adjectives of her reviewers, but her view of life, which has a certain dryness and faint astringency, does not justify her publisher's claim that she is a "melancholy genius." She now attempts a book of aphorisms and stray observations, which are mostly marked by rather common sense, but which occasionally rise to a higher pitch of perceptiveness. Her vindication of marriage makes pleasant reading: "How few of us, in all the world, seem to realize that there is nothing in human experience more astounding than that a man and a woman should be satisfied to spend a lifetime one with the other." When she tells us "Why the Writer Writes" she is less happy. It is a vexed question, and he certainly does not write simply because "his mind will not leave off grinding." Mrs. Millin is too easily satisfied with half-truths. The real aphorism must touch one to the quick, as does the surprising honesty of La Rochefoucauld or the profound poetry of the author of the Book of Proverbs. Those minds certainly never left off grinding, but they carefully winnowed away all the chaff.

WILLIAM PLOMER.



## DRAMATIC THEORY AND PRACTICE

**Strindberg's Dramatic Expressionism.** By CARL DAHLSTRÖM. (University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan. \$2.50.)

**The Workers' Theatre.** By NESS EDWARDS. (Cymric Federation Press, Cardiff. 1s. 6d.)

**Poets and Playwrights.** By E. E. STOLL. (University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. \$3.)

**Acting: its Theory and Practice.** By LANE CRAUFORD. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

**Sir Arthur Pinero's Plays and Players.** By HAMILTON FYFE. (Benn. 15s.)

THE present reaction against nineteenth-century realism, first expressed in art, was quickly communicated to literature and the drama; and the whole movement of artistic revolt has become conveniently if vaguely designated as expressionism. Expressionism in drama aims at expressing the essential reality of life: the drama of the individual soul, the inner conflict of thought and the subconscious; and the psychology of masses; untrammelled by conformity with the incidental details of superficial reality. Dramatic expressionism is novel in the degree of emphasis placed on the subjective at the expense of the objective. It has been profoundly affected by modern theories of the subconscious; by the social turmoil on the Continent due to the War and to post-War revolutionary changes, and by the spiritual ferment which these have engendered; by the modern mechanization of industry.

Expressionist drama, having turned aside from objective representation as being inadequate to express inner experience, has had to evolve its own technique. It has borrowed traditional devices, such as typification of character and soliloquized utterance of thought, which it has invested with a new significance. It has also originated or revived expedients in which the influence of the more plastic technique of the film is clearly to be discerned. Thus such limitations as the unities and act-divisions have been abolished; while dialogue has been sharply condensed or even extinguished in favour of pantomime. The new impulse has not been confined to playwriting. Settings have abandoned realistic statement for simplification and suggestion; and, aided by modern developments in lighting, have made possible a scenic fluidity unknown since the time of Shakespeare.

The outstanding figure in the new movement is Strindberg; for though chronologically he precedes it, such plays of his as "The Ghost Sonata," "A Dream Play," and "To Damascus" are essentially expressionistic, and have been potent factors in shaping expressionist drama. Strindberg is thus a pertinent subject for a study of dramatic expressionism. Mr. Dahlström investigates the expressionism disclosed by Strindberg's plays in the light of criteria elicited by an examination of German critical material and dramatic practice; this survey is summarized judiciously in the first part of the book. The resulting criteria, baldly quoted, are as follows: *Ausstrahlungen des Ichs* (subjectivity); the unconscious; *Seele* (emotional feeling); the relation to music; the relation to religion; the emphasis on the worth of man. These criteria are hardly likely to meet with complete acceptance, but Mr. Dahlström's formulation and application of them resolves itself into an excellent exposition of dramatic expressionism, from a psycho-analytical rather than a dramatic point of view; provided the English reader is not deterred by the constant use of German terms and by the numerous, and frequently long, untranslated quotations from German writers.

"The Workers' Theatre" may be read as an *ex parte* commentary on Mr. Dahlström's book. A literary as well as a dramatic approach distinguishes "Poets and Playwrights," a collection of essays dealing with Spenser, Milton, Ben Jonson, and particularly Shakespeare by a writer who combines scholarship with a wide knowledge of the drama, both classical and modern. The art of pre-expressionist acting is comprehensively discussed by Mr. Crauford; and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe gives us an agreeable survey of the plays of an historical figure in British drama.

MARK SEGAL.



## SORTS OF POETS

**A Dream in the Luxembourg.** By RICHARD ALDINGTON. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

**Cavender's House.** By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. (Hogarth Press. 4s. 6d.)

**Cambridge Poetry, 1930.** Edited by JOHN DAVENPORT, HUGH SYKES, and MICHAEL REDGRAVE. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

MR. ALDINGTON, whose "Collected Poems" convince that he has in him far more than his modest "sort of a poet," has now dreamed "A Dream in the Luxembourg." The start of it was pleasantly engendered by the proximity of a pretty girl on a bench in the Luxembourg Gardens. It is the story of a love-affair, having the exasperating self-assurance of the adept, old in love. He,

"with no fever of impatience  
Like young and inexperienced lovers,"

can afford a few cynicisms at the expense of less fortunate dreamers, until he too awakes. The fountain is still falling in the Luxembourg, a cloud has obscured the sun, and there is everywhere a bitter dust. So the poem is cynicism double-edged, idealism twice defeated.

Even on the understanding that "the poet does the work and the critic has the inspiration," there is no call to shadow forth an allegory in Mr. Aldington's "Dream." The psychologist might do this, but not the critic. The "Dream" is first of all a poem, and as anything else it would not be so successful. As a poem, the tempo of the story is excellently at Mr. Aldington's command. It is a good thing for every poet to write at least one love-story poem. Mr. Aldington is to be congratulated that he has done so and has it now behind him.

"Cavender's House" is a narrative poem of very different kind. Man is here represented as having no enemy but his own character—a favourite theme with Mr. Robinson. Behind this poem there is the whole body of his poetry, practically unknown in England. Mr. Robinson's great services to American literature in first breaking down a Puritan tradition do not necessarily compel an English reader, but it is due to the peculiarities of his position that in his poetry, as Miss Amy Lowell has written, "self-analysis has sapped joy, and the impossibility of constructing an ethical system in accordance both with desire and tradition has twisted the mental vision out of all true proportion." These words apply very well to "Cavender's House." It tells of the meeting between Cavender and his wife, whom he murdered twelve years before. One half of his soul Cavender explains himself; the other half he puts up in the person of his dead wife to talk back to him. Mr. Robinson achieves a sombre atmosphere of unrest by never leaving an emotional statement well alone. He will add, twist or qualify. At times this becomes a trick of style:—

"But now there must be no light in that house  
Where no man went, or men, coming to see,  
Would find him there; and he must not be there.  
Though he must come from half-way round the world,  
He must not come to be found there to-night."

This quotation also shows the jerky emphasis due to the monosyllables, which in many parts of the poem drain into the verse, sometimes impoverishing it.

When "Cambridge Poetry" first appeared last year, it gave rise to a great game of spotting spiritual fathers. One was at pains to discover traces of influence, good, bad, or ultra-modern, present in the work of those still in poetic leading-strings. Out of the sixteen contributors to "Cambridge Poetry, 1930," now published, eleven, whose work appeared before, now so confirm their individuality that no one can go on with the game of critical noughts and crosses. There are, however, some excellent imitations of Pope, for which Julian Bell is responsible. The majority of the sixteen poets strive after an allegorical representation of their experience. They are able to throw away the emotional note-book and give self-analysis a new chapter-heading. A marked progression to this end is seen in J. M. Reeves's "Garden in Summer," which follows his earlier "How Shall We Love?" Personal incidence is now submerged. In this poem and Arthur Tillotson's "A Death," and others, there is an economy of means, which allows no concessions to the Philistine. Michael Redgrave's "Proteus and the Fountain" is a very considerable poem,

offsetting the natural freshness of evening and dawn against the unrest of

"Proteus, poor youth, the mask and mind."

John Davenport's "Winter Overcoats" repays a faithful reading. It shows an easeful and sensuous apprehension of poetry, and it avoids one fault common to much of "Cambridge Poetry"—which is that the intellect is allowed to do the work of interpreter a little too well, putting in here and there a phrase not authenticated by the emotion. "Winter Overcoats" is one of the few poems appealing, equally among other things, to the ear. The intellect is permitted to conduct, but it does not call the tune. It is impossible now to mention other contributions individually. "Cambridge Poetry, 1930," maintains a high standard, on which the editors are to be congratulated.

JAMES THORNTON.

## NEW NOVELS

**The Sweet Cheat Gone.** By MARCEL PROUST. (Knopf. 10s. 6d.)

**Cécile.** By F. L. LUCAS. (Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.)

**The Stranger.** By GODFREY ELTON. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

**The Woman with a Thousand Children.** By CLARA VIEBIG. (Appleton. 7s. 6d.)

**The Years that Take the Best Away.** By BARBARA NOBLE. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THE insularity of the English apparently compels them to voyage abroad for their literature. It is a tradition fairly new that only the growth of another innovation may break, for in cloudland even the Esquimaux may soon appear as a full-blown cosmopolitan. If "The Sweet Cheat Gone" had been written by an Englishman the first volume of "Remembrance of Things Past" would have been guillotined as a remainder, and there might have been no succeeding volumes. If "Cécile" had been written by other than an Englishman it would have been hailed as a masterpiece. In "The Sweet Cheat Gone," the penultimate part of Marcel Proust's long and wearisome novel, egotism and corruption are exploited with ruthless, myopic introspection. Every theme or thought of the hero is played upon with trickily invented variation, even occasionally vamped. The monotonous stridulations reverberate from the hero in grasshopper fashion, his song is as limited as it is unimportant, and concerns only his own shallow passions. His mistress deserts him, and for an obscure reason deceives him into thinking she is dead. Full of self-pity, he takes a little girl into his house to sit upon his knee, and assumes a virtuous surprise when the police call upon him; he laments that in the future such innocent pleasures are to be denied him. This part of the story reads like Proust burlesquing Proust. It is not, for he lacks the saving grace of humour. Pre-occupation with a muck-rake would be understandable if, instead of turning over garbage for more and more unsavoury morsels, its object were to discover one small lost piece of silver.

For grace of style and insight into character the charm of "Cécile" is reminiscent of Gautier's "Mlle. de Maupin." Only reminiscent, for Mr. Lucas has a more profound philosophy, or wisdom, and is not content with the challenge and interplay of the individual, but extends his psychological understanding to classes and nations. The year is 1776, near the end of the Grand Seigneur regime, when the starved, ill-treated peasantry seemed incapable of revolt. The writing was on the wall for those who could read. Gaston de Launay did read in some measure; he was a whole-hearted disciple of Rousseau and a devoted adherent to Turgot. Andrée, his wife, Mr. Lucas treats with subtle penetration, and gives to her a vision so clear that she finds it almost insupportable; she is unable to accept any compromise either with herself or with life, though she is aware that it is to her incapacity to close her eyes at the expedient moment that much of her sorrow is due. Her love for her young sister Cécile, a joyous may-fly of a girl, is a benediction in itself. The story of the two sisters is so enthralling that we finish it with regret. This is an historical novel, and reads as if it were written in the period by a contemporary writer, and of very few books can this be said. There is the true Gallic touch in this scholarly and poetic book; the rhythm of beauty is complete.

Rodney Gayne in "The Stranger" is an English boy who does not come to England until he is in his early teens. He is distressed to find how alien he feels to English people, and that they in their turn regard him as a stranger. It is good to discover in these days of pseudo-psycho and kindred analyses that there still exist people who believe in a normal and beautiful adolescence. Rodney's friendship with Peter and Lydia Mellney, and the bootmaker's son, Dick Gattrell, is charmingly described; his devotion for Lydia develops into love, and it is one of the love-stories that ends happily (given the characters) in the only way it should. The story is written with an enviable grace. Mr. Elton's preference for Anglo-Saxon words is noticeable in, for instance, his use of "tree-stem" instead of the more generally accepted "trunk."

"Should a teacher regard her work as vocational to the sacrifice of more personal happiness?" is the theme of "The Woman with a Thousand Children." The teacher, Marie-Luise, after many personal conflicts decides in the affirmative; though quite why she did so is not easily discernible, for she seems to have been singularly unsuccessful in effecting the slightest change in the unhappy lot of the mentally and physically corrupted children in her charge. In this German town it appeared to be the usual thing for infants under the age of twelve to become, both willingly and unwillingly, prostitutes.

The children in "The Years that Take the Best Away" have that distilled essence of childish understanding and spiritual precociousness which places their elders at a hopeless disadvantage. Jennifer, the child on whom the author has concentrated, has some entirely delightful moments, though her want of sympathy for her morbidly unhappy brother James is not understandable; his suicide is a haunting affair. The unsympathetic father would have changed his rôle completely if half a dozen more words had been allowed him. Did he share Jennifer's love for Clare? Was that his secret? Still, it is always those few unsaid words that are forever being denied. All who are interested in children will enjoy this book; more for the problems stated than solved.

KATHLEEN C. TOMLINSON.

## TWO STUDIES IN COLONIAL HISTORY

**The Rise and Fall of Germany's Colonial Empire.** BY MARY TOWNSEND. (Macmillan. 21s.)

**New Zealand in the Making.** BY J. B. CONDLIFFE. (Allen & Unwin. 15s.)

COLONIAL history may be looked at in two lights: as the subsidiary plot in the drama of European diplomacy, with the stage set in London or Berlin and the colonial territories mere names to conjure, threaten, or bargain with, or as the story of regions where penetration and development by the all-pervading white race have their own inherent interest and importance. Any study of a colonial empire as a whole presupposes the first approach; colonies which have in common only the fortune of having fallen to the lot of the same Powers in the European competition can only be grouped together in a treatment of their history which subordinates their own fate to the policy, domestic or international, of the metropolis. This is the only kind of colonial history to be found in State archives, which inevitably throws light on political questions—what to annex and when; when to refuse a charter, when to grant it, when to buy out the company; the relative value of colonies in Africa and naval bases in the North Sea—than on those questions of administration out of which the real story of colonial development is made. Now that subtler methods have replaced annexation in the competition for the unexploited riches of the world, the "scrambles" of the nineteenth century are of interest mainly to the student of the past; to him, for the unravelling of that tangle which is nineteenth-century diplomacy all light on its colonial aspects is of importance. Miss Townsend's book is a real contribution to this study; it is based on an exhaustive examination of official documents, including the German Foreign Office archives which were published after the war. Her main thesis is a new interpretation more consistent than the accepted theory with the general character of the

Iron Chancellor; of Bismarck's attitude towards colonial expansion; in her view, the traditional idea of him as a reluctant convert is merely the reflection of his own cunning in concealing his aims until the moment was favourable. An introduction implies that her book is a vindication of Germany as a colonial Power. Nevertheless, her chapters on "Scientific Colonization" and "Native Policy" are severely objective; indeed, they have that air of unreality which is inevitable in any description based mainly on statistics.

Professor Condliffe exemplifies the second manner of writing. A New Zealander himself, he writes the history of his own country in terms of solid, economic fact. He claims for it a unique position among democracies, in that its economic democracy started with a clean slate, unhampered by the relics of feudalism which hold back its progress in Europe. The development of public utilities by the State, not on the basis of any preconceived theory, but for "lack of any practical alternative," and the resulting wide extension of the economic functions of government is the most significant feature in his account. He does not commit himself to any judgment on the desirability in principle of such State control, leaving the question open "whether such services as the railways should be operated to achieve social values even at the cost of some financial loss." But although he makes criticisms in matters of detail, his general argument is a triumphant vindication of State interference, particularly in the regulation of wages, as a result of which "there can be but few countries in the world where labour came through the [post-war] depression so lightly." Another feature in which New Zealand is unique is the successful adaptation of its native races to the needs of European civilization.

## ANCESTORS DE LUXE

**Gravestones of Acadie, and other Essays on Local History, Genealogy, and Parish Records of Annapolis County, Nova Scotia.** BY WILLIAM INGLIS MORSE. (Bernard Quaritch. £3 3s.)

PRESENTING, as it does, outstanding examples of distinguished paper-making, type-founding, block-making, printing, and binding, this handsome volume reflects credit upon every craftsman engaged in its production. The edition is limited to 450 copies, and there is an edition de luxe of fifty copies priced at £15 15s., which, if it is five times better than this, the ordinary edition, must indeed be the last word in sumptuous book-production. One mentions the format of the book first, for it leaps to the eye, and one turns to the matter with foreboding, asking what manner of literature concerned with graves in Nova Scotia can be worthy of such apparel?

Mr. Morse's desultory notes on the records of Annapolis County—Annapolis was the old Port Royal—at first sight do not justify their splendid setting; but it gradually dawns on the reader that these old family records, taken from gravestones and the parish registers of baptisms, marriages, burials, and confirmations, may well prove patents of nobility to many an ancient family in New England, Canada, and North America generally, and that their publication in a form that will endure the ravages of time is just as it should be.

In addition to these pedigrees and records of names, many of which are those of the "Mayflower" immigrants, or of their descendants in the female line, Mr. Morse gives us many interesting antiquarian notes, and one or two important political documents of which excellent facsimile reproductions are provided. Two of these reproductions represent a petition to the English Government sent by the people of Salem, asking that Port Royal may be reduced, so that the New England fishermen may fish undisturbed in Nova Scotian waters, and a letter to Sunderland which accompanied the petition. Another is the report sent in 1660 to the Dauphin by Nicolas Denys, Governor of Acadie, suggesting that English sea power could be undermined by prohibiting the import into France of fish caught by English fishermen. Denys points out that sea power is represented by seamen rather than by ships, and that fisheries are the nurseries of seamen.



## BRIDGE

By CALIBAN.

## PRINCIPLES OF THE FORCING SYSTEM

THE essence of the forcing system at Contract (as its name implies) is that in certain situations one *forces* one's partner to make a bid. In one sense, most conventional systems of bidding make use of this principle. The Vanderbilt Club, for example, is an opening bid which demands a response from one's partner. But the Vanderbilt Club convention is, in my judgment, markedly inferior to the opening bid of two of a suit of which (in certain circumstances) the forcing system makes use. My reasons for thinking so are implicit in the general principles set out in my article last week, in the light of which—I then suggested—every system of bidding should be criticized. The forcing system is superior to the Vanderbilt Club, and similar conventions, because it enables the holder of a strong hand to give *early* and *precise* information to his partner. As I pointed out last week, one's opportunities of bidding are limited, and therefore both these considerations are of the utmost importance.

In what circumstances should a forcing bid be made? Before answering this question, the basic principles of our system should be reviewed. They are as follows:—

(1) Bids at Contract are of four kinds: Initial Bids, Responding Bids, Defensive Bids, and Secondary Bids. Forcing Bids are made only in the first two categories, *i.e.*, by the player who bids first or by his partner.

(2) Bidding must depend, much more definitely than is the case at Contract, upon Honour-trick (= Quick-trick) valuation. A definite minimum of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  Honour-tricks, for an initial bid of one of a suit, or of one No-Trump, must be laid down and adhered to.

(3) Wherever possible, one's initial bid should be made, not in No-Trumps, but in a suit. (Here is a striking and essential difference between Contract and Auction). The reason for this has already been indicated. *Every bid must convey as much information as possible.* An opening bid of one shows from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  Honour-tricks; the naming of a suit shows at the same time where one's principal strength lies. It follows—and this is a corollary of great importance—that an opening bid of one No-Trump explicitly denies the holding of a really good suit.

(4) It is *not* necessary—as it is at Auction—to hold one's Honour-tricks in the suit one first bids. If I open the bidding at Contract with "One Heart" this does *not* mean that I can be relied on to command the Heart suit. It merely means (1) that I have from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  Honour-tricks, and (2) that Hearts is my best suit. Such hands as the following are excellent "One Heart" bids:

(1) ♠ x ♥ Q J 10 x x ♦ A x x ♣ K Q x x

(2) ♠ A K ♥ K 10 x x x ♦ x x x ♣ K J x

On the other hand, if I have only four cards in the suit, I ought to command it; otherwise my hand would properly be bid, not as "One Heart," but as "One No-Trump."

(3) ♠ x x ♥ A K J x ♦ Q J x ♣ K x x x

The above, in my judgment, should be properly bid as "One Heart," but

(4) ♠ A x ♥ K J x x ♦ Q 10 x ♣ K x x x

which contains no really good suit, should be bid originally "One No-Trump."

We can now pass on to the question of forcing bids. It will have been noticed that I prescribe for an initial bid of one of a suit from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  Honour-tricks. Why this prescription of a *maximum* holding? For this reason: that if one has five or more Honour-tricks one should convey that important information to one's partner by means of an initial bid of two. Such a bid says:—

"Partner, I have five (or more) Honour-tricks out of the available total of eight. That means I can almost certainly make nine tricks or so without more than the most modest support from you. But we want to go game if we can—slam even, if we can find a *modus vivendi*. So tell me, as far as you can, what you have in your hand; and, whatever you do, give me another chance of bidding."

This is what a forcing bid means. And my partner, knowing that I can safely make another bid, *even though he has nothing*, will show me his best suit, if he has any suit worth anything at all; or, in the absence of a suit, will give me valuable *negative* information by calling Two No-Trumps. I shall then proceed as best I can with the bidding, in the light of the data supplied by him.

(To be continued.)

## INSURANCE NOTES

## THE "SAFEGUARD" POLICY

RECENTLY issued by the Legal and General Assurance Society, this new policy forms an admirable safeguard against the vital issues of life, the menace of advancing age, and the adequate provision for one's dependents. An income of £3 a week for each £1,000 assured becomes payable to dependents on the death of the life assured, should this occur within twenty years from the date of the policy. This payment continues for the balance of that period, and at its close the sum assured of £1,000 is available. This twenty-year period covers the time of an individual's greatest responsibilities and the income is sufficient to safeguard that independence of thought and action essential to personal freedom and happiness. Should death occur after the expiration of twenty years from the date of the policy the sum assured of £1,000 is payable immediately.

The payment at the rate of £3 a week would be made quarterly with a proportionate payment up to the twentieth anniversary of the date of the policy. It is interesting to note that half-yearly and quarterly premiums will be accepted with an addition of 3 per cent. and 5 per cent. respectively, and monthly premiums will be accepted at special rates which will be quoted on application. After two annual payments have been made all policies will possess a guaranteed cash surrender value or the right to a fully paid-up policy according to a schedule endorsed on the policy. In certain circumstances a proposal will be considered if desired without medical examination, provided the age of the proposed does not exceed fifty years and the sum assured £1,000. The following are a few examples of the annual premium payable: Age next birthday: twenty-five, £17 10s. 11d.; age next birthday: thirty, £20 14s.; age next birthday: thirty-five, £24 14s. 7d.; age next birthday: forty, £30 0s. 1d..

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Class	Annual Earnings	Life Insurance including Total and Permanent Disability Benefit	Annual Pension from age 65 purchased yearly for each year of future service	Employee Weekly Contribution
A.	£78 and under	£100	£0 10 0	6d.
B.	£79 to £140	£100	£1 0 0	1s. 0d.
C.	£141 to £190	£150	£1 10 0	1s. 6d.
D.	£191 to £250	£200	£2 0 0	2s. 0d.
E.	£251 to £350 and so on	£300	£3 0 0	3s. 0d.

The entire cost of the scheme over and above the employee's weekly contribution is paid by the Canning Town Glass Works, Ltd. All employees who have been with the company for four months are eligible to join, and the great majority have done so. There is no medical examination required. This is an important privilege, because it is well known that in every considerable group there are some who would not be able to secure life insurance if they applied for it individually.

The scheme is a remarkably flexible one, and is designed to meet the widely varying needs of those who become members of it. Employees may, with the consent of the employer, retire at any time within ten years before the normal retirement age of sixty-five, or they may remain at work for five years longer, the pension being adjusted accordingly. There is a provision by which, through electing to take a slightly smaller pension, a member can arrange to have it continued to his wife for life, should she survive him. After an employee retires, life insurance in the sum of £100 will be kept in force, irrespective of his class in the scheme before going on pension. If a member dies before going on pension, his beneficiary will receive the whole of his contribution to the plan as well as the life insurance to which he is entitled. In the event of death after retirement, all contributions will be returned less the amount he has already received in pensions, together with £100 in insurance. In the event of total and permanent disability before age sixty, the entire amount of life insurance will be paid in forty or sixty monthly instalments, with interest.

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## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## CONVERSIONS—DAILY CHRONICLE INVESTMENT—SILVER—BURMAH OIL

THE City was assured in the Sunday Press that it was facing probably the greatest crisis in its history. This statement, being a prelude to an argument for Empire Free Trade, must be heavily discounted, but it is true that complete hopelessness has settled down upon every market of the Stock Exchange except the gilt-edged. Even in the gilt-edged market dealings are almost wholly professional and prices are by no means stable. The talk of a big Government conversion scheme, after the Reparations loan has been issued, still persists. It is probable that the Treasury may tackle the £79.6 million block of 4 per cent. tax free War Loan, but with regard to the £2,184 million block of 5 per cent. War Loan we see neither the usefulness nor the possibility of any wholesale conversion operation. If interest rates are likely to decline still further over the next few decades, it would be sheer folly for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to exercise the option to repay 5 per cent. War Loan and commit the country to paying, say,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for thirty or forty years on a new Conversion loan. In two years' time  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. might be the more appropriate figure. The only motto for a Chancellor of the Exchequer confronted with the problem of 5 per cent. War Loan is "little by little."

The fate of the DAILY CHRONICLE is mourned nowhere more deeply than in the City—and for a special reason. The City's interest dates back to 1927 when Mr. Lloyd George sold control of United Newspapers (1918), Ltd., to the late Sir David Yule and Sir Thomas Catto. At this time United Newspapers possessed not only the DAILY CHRONICLE and the SUNDAY NEWS, but also certain provincial newspapers—the EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS, the YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS, and the DONCASTER GAZETTE, which were, and still are, money-making properties. The price paid to Mr. Lloyd George's group for the 616,504 ordinary £1 shares of United Newspapers (the 612,504 £1 preference shares of that Company having been issued to the public in 1925) was £2,900,000, of which £1,790,000 was paid in cash, and £1,150,000 in ordinary shares of the company formed to assume control, which was called Daily Chronicle Investment Corporation. Because the late Sir David Yule and Sir Thomas Catto had great influence in the City they were able to place privately in 1927 800,000 7 per cent. first preference shares and 700,000 8 per cent. second preference shares of £1 of the Daily Chronicle Investment Corporation, keeping control of the Company in their own hands through their holding of £150,000 worth of 1s. deferred shares. In October, 1928, the trustees of the estate of the late Sir David Yule and Sir Thomas Catto sold their controlling interest to Mr. William Harrison, acting for Inveresk Paper, and it is understood that Mr. Harrison also acquired a majority of the ordinary shares held by Mr. Lloyd George's group.

The present plight of the preference shareholders of United Newspapers and of the first and second preference shareholders of Daily Chronicle Investment Corporation is distressing. Mr. Harrison, when he managed the Daily Chronicle group was very energetic—he ordered a great deal of new printing machinery and secured an overdraft from Lloyds Bank for the purpose—but unfortunately for the old preference shareholders he formed last year Provincial Newspapers, Ltd., to acquire certain old-established newspapers in the provinces—again with money borrowed from Lloyds Bank—and transferred to that Company, in exchange for preference and ordinary shares, the provincial newspapers of the Daily Chronicle group—YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS, DONCASTER GAZETTE, and EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS. The calamity is that Provincial Newspapers have an overdraft of £750,000 at Lloyds Bank and that Lloyds Bank have taken charge of Inveresk Paper and its subsidiaries and will not allow Provincial Newspapers to pay any dividends until their overdraft is repaid. As

the DAILY CHRONICLE and SUNDAY NEWS have been making losses it follows (1) that United Newspapers, Ltd., has no source of revenue from which to pay dividends on its preference and ordinary shares, and (2) that Daily Chronicle Investment Corporation, owning the ordinary shares of United Newspapers, has no income for its first and second preference shareholders. United Newspapers will now have a half-interest in a new company owning the copyright of the joint DAILY NEWS AND DAILY CHRONICLE, but even if that Company were to make a profit, it is doubtful whether Lloyds Bank would allow it to be distributed. It is not an enviable position for one of the "big five" banks to occupy, but our sympathies lie entirely with the preference shareholders of United Newspapers and Daily Chronicle Investment Corporation, whose troubles started with the sale of the group's profit-earning assets to Provincial Newspapers, Ltd.

There are signs that the prices of primary products are steadying, but base metal prices are still plunging downwards. Tin at £136 6s. 3d. per ton is at its lowest level since 1914. The May statistics of visible supply indicate either that the tin restriction scheme is not nearly drastic enough or that it is not being faithfully carried out. Copper at £58 7s. 6d. a ton is at its lowest since 1902. The base metal market is now thoroughly upset by the slump in the price of silver. This week the spot price of bar silver fell to 16 5-16d. per ounce. In 1920 the price was as high as 89½d. per ounce, and in the 1921 depression the lowest price reached was 80½d. By 1926 the price had recovered to 36 1-16d. per ounce, but thereafter a steady decline set in which has been accentuated by various causes—the debasement of silver coinage in this and other countries, the demonitization of silver coin, and the upheavals in China. India has been a steady seller of silver since it adopted the gold standard in 1926 (French Indo-China is the latest convert from silver to gold), but the recent slump in the market has been due to heavy selling from China where trade depression and revolution have brought the demand for silver to a standstill. Last year the world's output of silver, of which three-quarters is used for coinage and the balance in arts and industries, amounted to 256½ million fine ounces. China absorbed 187 million ounces and India 82 million ounces. If China is now to adopt the gold standard the days of silver as a precious metal are numbered. The big silver-lead-zinc mines—Burma Corporation, San Francisco Mines of Mexico, Santa Gertrudis and Broken Hill—will, of course, be badly affected. Last year Burma Corporation produced 7,376,861 ounces of silver. Every 1d. per ounce less means a loss of dividend of over  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent.

If it were not for India Burmah Oil would be recognized as the cheapest share in the oil market. Its risks are now extremely well spread. It possesses 1,000,000 ordinary shares of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, on which it receives a 25 per cent. tax free dividend, in addition to 3,561,990 ordinary shares of the Anglo-Persian Oil (including the 700,000 held in the B.O.C., Anglo-Persian Share Trust, Ltd., to meet the conversion rights of the second debenture holders) on which it now receives a 20 per cent. dividend. The total interest and dividends it received last year came to £1,213,395, or nearly 80 per cent. of its total income of £4,170,788. Its net earnings amount to 52½ per cent. on its ordinary share capital, out of which it paid dividends of only 30 per cent. This strong revenue position is matched by an equally strong balance-sheet. Its investments, exclusive of £2,676,945 in British and Indian Government securities, are valued at only £9,752,358. They include the Anglo-Persian shares which are taken at 11s. 8½d. per share (£2,085,248), although the market value is 4 11-32 (£15,472,394). Burmah Oil shares at 4 17-32 to yield nearly £6 17s. per cent. will only remain cheap while India is unsettled.

COMPANY MEETING.**JOHN LEWIS AND COMPANY****SPECIAL CHARACTER OF THE ORGANIZATION****STAFF AND PARTNERSHIP SHARES****REPLY TO COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS****MR. J. SPEDAN LEWIS'S STATEMENT**

The SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of John Lewis and Co., Limited, was held on Friday, May 30th, 1930, at the company's premises in Oxford Street, London, W.

Mr. J. SPEDAN LEWIS (chairman of the company) presided, and, before inviting questions upon the accounts and report of the directors, remarked that, as on the previous occasion, the report had given all the information usually given only in the speech of the chairman. This new departure had been strongly commended by leading organs of the Press both in this country and abroad, and the board proposed to adhere to it. On the previous occasion he had offered no observations at all before inviting questions, but there were a few remarks that he felt he ought to make in view of the special circumstances of the present meeting.

**REMUNERATION OF THE STAFF**

In the first place, he mentioned that, as recently as last Sunday, a newspaper had endeavoured to produce upon the minds of its readers an impression that payments mentioned in the report of the auditors as having been charged to associated companies or to himself should really have been charged to the profit and loss account. The directors had endeavoured to make clear in their report that this was not the case, but, in view of the importance of the point, he thought that he should repeat that the amount charged to the profit and loss account in respect of remuneration of the staff had been the full normal percentage of turnover. That was to say that an ordinary management seeking to make in the ordinary way profit for themselves would not have needed to spend upon obtaining the services of employees any more than the total sum that had been charged to the profit and loss account.

In the second place, he thought that the shareholders would agree that it would have been better if there had been time for what would have been the rather difficult task of deciding how to shorten the report without making any regrettable omission. He thought that in future the report should be two-thirds, or at most three-quarters, of the present length. (Several shareholders expressed agreement, although after the meeting one intimated that any shortening whatever would have been regrettable.)

**STRENGTH OF THE PREFERENCE POSITION**

In the third place, more emphasis should, perhaps, have been laid in the report upon the fact that no Preference shareholder could lose one penny until he (the chairman) had lost the whole of his estate. The shareholders might trust him to part with the control of the company long before that point was reached. The shareholders had really nothing whatever to worry about. The truth was that an operation so big as the taking over of the Harries business could not be judged properly upon a 12-month view. No doubt yearly publication of accounts, as required by law, worked well normally, but it did not work well in a special case of this kind, which was rather of the nature of a three-year operation. In the same way, if in ordinary circumstances companies had to publish their accounts weekly, or even monthly, the figures would be often alarming, although by the end of the year no cause for alarm would appear.

He was glad to be able to tell them that the recent attacks did not appear to have increased the normal volume of share transfers, but it was, of course, very regrettable that the price obtained by those who had occasion to sell at this particular time should have been affected either by natural misapprehension of the true significance of the accounts of the last year, or by such grossly incompetent or deliberately misleading comments and suggestions as had appeared in a few newspapers of minor standing.

**REPLY TO QUESTIONS**

The Chairman then invited questions, and a shareholder inquired whether the board had any means of knowing how a certain newspaper had obtained what appeared to be advance information of a confidential character.

The Chairman answered that the directors had no reason to doubt the trustworthiness of any of the employees of the company, and the auditors, who, as he thought all the shareholders were probably aware, were one of the most eminent firms in the world—(hear, hear)—were, of course, extremely careful in the same direction and had likewise no reason for

doubt. He was inclined to think that it might have been a case of the putting forward of a mere guess as a piece of definite advance information, but the shareholders were aware that in the present state of the law that sort of thing could be done to a considerable extent with impunity and that a certain type of journalist was not above doing it.

At this point the chairman quoted a letter from a shareholder who had written that, in his opinion, the recent attacks in a certain section of the Press would have been very unlikely if the company had been large advertisers. (Laughter.) The chairman observed that this opinion was natural and, indeed, obvious common sense, but that he felt at the same time that he ought to take that occasion to say quite definitely that he had been deeply impressed by the entire fairness with which the Press as a whole had always treated another drapery company with which he was connected, and which was likewise one of the few drapery companies that were conspicuously not advertisers.

There were no other questions, and the accounts and report were thereupon approved unanimously, as were the other motions upon the paper.

**TRADE CUSTOMERS**

In seconding a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was likewise carried unanimously, a shareholder drew attention to the fact that most, if not all, of the large West-end drapery companies gave trade customers a specially favourable price, whereas John Lewis and Co., Limited, made no such distinction between trade customers and the ordinary public.

The Chairman, in acknowledging the vote of thanks, observed upon the latter point that he was fully persuaded that a genuine wholesale trade in uncut pieces could be undertaken advantageously only upon a quite separate stock and that trade customers, in the common West-end draper's sense of the words, could not be served more cheaply than the ordinary public. It followed, therefore, that, unless they were to be served really at a loss, the giving of a special trade price must necessarily mean that the ordinary public were charged an unnecessarily high rate of profit. This was, in fact, what happened, and the fact went far to explain the very conspicuous success of that part of their business.

In addition to the foregoing summary of the proceedings of the meeting it is thought desirable to reproduce here the two following sections of the report that was issued with the accounts.

**SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COMPANY**

If this report were not so long already, we should have included a note upon the main differences of character between the former Harries trade and our own, but, though we think that this might be of interest to a good many of our readers, we feel that it is better not to trouble them upon this occasion with anything of that kind. For the same reason we are deferring to another occasion the detailed description of our partnership system to which we referred in the 46th paragraph of our last report.

But we ought, perhaps, upon this occasion to recall to your minds the following facts: When the chairman had become the sole and exclusive owner of the business of John Lewis and Company he was advised that, if he were willing to "sell out," he could realize his business interests for about £1,000,000, which he could then have invested in securities of the highest class in this country or elsewhere.

Instead of doing this, he put the whole of his fortune at the "tail-end" of the capital of your own company and of its associates, and he did this in such a way that all of the profit will go to the staff while he lives upon his capital, of which he reckons that there will be enough for his life-time and for such bequests as he will wish to make. Under this arrangement he will never receive at any time from first to last a penny more than the original capital-sum for which he was advised that he could sell out then completely for immediate cash. Had he chosen to realize his interests and to invest the proceeds, he would have had thenceforward from securities of the highest class a yearly income of about £50,000, whereas, under the arrangement that he actually made, he will receive from all this property no income or profit whatever, either now or at any future time.

Moreover, the "tail-end" charge in the safest of businesses obviously cannot be nearly so safe as a set of investments



**COMPANY MEETING—(John Lewis & Co.) continued.**

judiciously distributed among the choicest securities of the most stable countries of the world.

At best the chairman was incurring years of somewhat anxious and somewhat arduous work, and, of course, he was taking a real risk that unforeseeable developments of politics or other irresistible causes might lose him quite a large part of his capital.

He took this course because he has always felt that it is highly desirable that those who have the luck to be the heirs of successful business men and who do not desire to make for themselves fresh business profits and who are inclined to a life of public service should not withdraw their capital from business and, having invested it securely, devote themselves to a Parliamentary or similar career, but should "stick to the shop" and work patiently and carefully at the task of reforming industry from within, and so make some return to that particular field from which their own fortunes came.

The ordinary course means freedom from all private business and financial cares, and the great interest and pleasure and social attractions of a career in public life. But, in the chairman's opinion, there are too many public-spirited men in Parliament and elsewhere outside the world of business, and too few in positions of actual expert control of large industrial organizations.

When the first Factory Acts were got through Parliament, and hideous abuses, in the way of child labour and so on, were thereby brought to an end, the career of the Yorkshire manufacturer, Mr. Fielden, was of immense use to those who were in charge of the Bills.

They had to meet the obviously sincere and highly influential opposition of such men as John Bright, who constantly assured the House that the proposed reforms would be disastrous to British industry.

The supporters of the Bill were able to keep on answering: "Look at Fielden. He has actually done all these things that you say are crazy. And for a time he himself was called crazy for doing them. But he has made himself a millionaire"—(and in those days millionaires were rarities)—"and now people are saying that he has shovelled his money out to his work-people and God has shovelled it back again."

In the chairman's opinion the magnificent labour force of this country has been brought into such a deep-seated chronic condition of irritation at the idea that it is exploited grossly by profiteering captains of industry, who charge far too much for their admittedly indispensable services, and by profiteering dealers in money, who likewise charge far too much for their admittedly indispensable capital, that, sooner than continue to make such profits for those parties, it will prefer and is preferring to half-starve itself and all our country along with itself. To-day, May 20th, the "Times" tells us that the number of days lost in 1929 in industrial disputes was 8,287,000.

Far-reaching sincere experiments to discover reforms that will distribute industrial income less unequally and that will increase rather than diminish industrial discipline are, in the chairman's opinion, the supreme need of our times and he is taking accordingly the steps that have just been mentioned to do in that regard his own duty as he sees it.

Among other reasons for which it has been thought desirable that these matters shall be mentioned again upon this occasion is the fact that certain newspapers made recently upon your company attacks that they could not have made if they had exercised ordinary care in the way of making previous inquiries. It is thought that, if they had realized the special character of the business, they might have been more careful to conform to the usually very high standards of the British Press.

**POSSIBILITY OF CO-OPERATION BY SHAREHOLDERS AND THEIR FRIENDS**

As in the case of any similar company, shareholders and their friends can materially increase our business by their own patronage and recommendation, and in the case of this particular company they can also materially stimulate the zeal and so increase the efficiency of the staff by investing in Preferred Ordinary shares of The John Lewis Partnership, Limited.

Any such help in the creation of a "market" in these shares will hasten the development of the full advantages of our system, because the shares are the form in which the staff get their "partnership benefit," and it is extremely desirable that they shall be able, if they choose, to sell their shares readily and for a fairly satisfactory price, say, at present, twenty shillings, or even a little less, though in a few years the shares should stand higher. The mere regular payment of the dividend (7½ per cent. yearly, cumulative, and payable on December 1st and June 1st) will remove eventually every difficulty, but the company was formed only last year, and in the meantime, while the quantity of shares issued so far (£150,000) is still comparatively small and the company under the disadvantage of being new both in itself and in its character, buyers of even a few of these shares will be rendering valuable help as well as getting a share entitled to a cumulative dividend of 7½ per cent. and having in our judgment a good prospect of not inconsiderable capital profit.

It is hoped that some of those who read this notice may feel inclined to do what is in their own power to hasten the development of the new idea that lies behind our own system.

It has been very warmly praised by experts of the highest

eminence, and its details have been settled upon the very best professional advice.

It is already succeeding, but it is very desirable from every point of view that its success shall be as rapid as possible. Anyone who at this stage provides members of the staff with an opportunity of selling some of their shares will be giving really valuable help in that direction, and the chairman will be very grateful for it.

It may be thought that the staff ought to retain the shares themselves, but people whose incomes are quite small and who have homes to buy or children to educate or other important needs of ready-money are bound to be much more delighted and encouraged at finding themselves receiving a share that they can turn into ready-money, than at finding themselves receiving a share that they are not allowed to sell and that merely produces them an income of ninepence at the end of six months.

As a matter of fact, there is already appearing among the staff a very definite tendency to be reluctant to part with shares. In this, of course, they are well advised, for there is every likelihood that the shares will receive in fact an absolutely punctual dividend and will be saleable in a few years' time for a price substantially better than they will fetch at present. But it would not have been surprising if people who are for the most part quite unused to the idea of being shareholders at all should have been unable to feel the reality of these and of other motives for holding.

This is the only reason for which we have felt some regret at what we consider to be the necessity of the new practice of requiring the staff actually to sell shares in order to get income during absence from duty. Obviously there is a risk that, if people once begin to sell, they will not stop until they have killed and eaten the whole of their little goose that would lay for them golden eggs of dividend.

Inquiries regarding the shares should be addressed to the Secretary, The John Lewis Partnership, Limited, 21, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

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